

# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR OCTOBER, 1817.

Art. I. *Hume's History of England, revised for Family use; with such Omissions and Alterations, as may render it salutary to the Young, and unexceptionable to the Christian. Dedicated, by Permission, to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Rochester. By the Rev. George Berkely Mitchell, M. A., Vicar of St. Mary in Leicester, Minister of the Old Hospital near Leicester, and Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of York. 8 Vols. 8vo. Hatchard, London.*

**H**ISTORY has been supposed to bear the same relation to man, that experiment bears to nature. It is the development of his hidden principles, the display of his whole character. This, though assumed as an axiom, is exceedingly questionable, if applied to history in general. Did history, indeed, present itself in all the minuteness of Bubb Doddington's Diary, and follow the individuals it describes, into all their serpentine courses, and into all the selfish considerations which formed the real, if not ostensible motives of their actions, the sentiment would approach nearer to truth. History, however, is necessarily *general*. It selects, accumulates, arranges facts; finds or conjectures a few of the avowed, and but a very few of the real causes; and thus amuses or instructs its readers. The fates of individuals, of dynasties, of empires, pass before us; but while the geographical changes and national histories are exhibited, *man*, as an individual, in all that concerns his real character, remains just as little known to us as before. And though the value of history is immense, we are persuaded that more importance has been attached to it, as a comment on human nature, and as leading to a knowledge of man, than it deserves. It presents human passions on a gigantic scale, indeed; but the very same passions, affording the same illustrations of man, and conveying the same moral lessons, are presented to us in a state of intense operation, amid the peasants of a country village, or the children of a nursery. *There may be found*

the same selfishness, the same love of distinction, the same emulation, and mortal hatred, that agitate cabinets, and rouse a world to arms, and to deeds of notorious valour.

The general taste for history, may be resolved into the love of novelty, and the love of excitement. Though man, under every modification of circumstances, is the same guilty, selfish being, yet, almost infinite diversity is presented, from the ever-shifting scenes through which different persons are called to pass. This gives a novelty to most parts of history, that gratifies our desire for some 'new thing.' The love of excitement, however, is the great principle on which we are to account for such a taste. If there be nothing in the magnitude of the transactions, in the peculiar characters of the agents, or in the descriptions of the historians, to rouse the feelings, the history drops, still-born, as it were, from the press, or soon sinks into oblivion. History must rouse, otherwise it cannot please. And the skill of the historian is seen in the choice of his subject, in the selection and arrangement of his materials, and in the thrilling representations which he gives of transactions and characters. Thus, we are delighted and rapt into at least a momentary love of liberty, and into sympathy with the oppressed, while we move with Arminius on the banks of the Rhine, amid the gloomy and interminable forests of Germany; with Sertorius in Lusitania; with Cato in Africa; or, in more modern times, with Maurice of Saxony, with the Dutch in the thirty years' war; with Gustavus, breasting and overwhelming the imperial enemies of civil and religious liberty; and with Washington in America. History, however it may instruct, is, on the whole, far more adapted to produce pain than pleasure. It affords a melancholy view of human nature, subject in general to the baser passions of the heart. Who can view, without the most painful emotions, 'the slight pretexts upon which madness and ambition have sacrificed the blood and the subsistence of infatuated nations;' the too general hostility of governors to the governed; the indifference of rulers to real religion, further than their schemes of personal policy have been accidentally enlisted on the side of truth? Next to this is our sorrow that *historians*, in general, have so seldom availed themselves of the advantages which history afforded them, to teach mankind the lessons which their themes could not fail to suggest to men whose hearts truly felt the importance of benefiting mankind. Even Robertson, who never fails to delight by the almost poetic harmony of his language, who never offends against morals or liberty, scarcely ever appears, even in his history of Charles V, which exhibits the struggles of the Reformation, in the august character of a Christian moralist. Seldom have historians paid to the principles and love of peace, the homage due to them from

humanity ; seldom has their eloquence thundered against the cruelties and injustice of aggressors, unless their favourites have been aggrieved. Had they acted more on *Christian* principles, it is fair to presume that the taste of nations, determined, as it necessarily is, in a great measure, by the press, would have been different from what it now is. The historian is guilty at least of connivance, who does not study to exhibit war, as it is, with all its guilty causes, its melancholy accompaniments, its appalling consequences.

History may be presented in the rude and simple form of annals, unembellished by a single decoration of the imagination, unenlightened by a single ray of science, and scarcely affording to the future historian the least assistance, by exhibiting either the motives, circumstances, or consequences, of the actions and events narrated. It is, however, found in fact, that the fancy is ordinarily more alive than the understanding. Hence, in almost every country, in the earlier stages of its civilization, history has appeared in the form of poetry, presenting charms to uncultivated ears by its rude numbers and the dress of imagination. The historical songs of the Druids are lost ; but something of their spirit, and, perhaps, their manner, is preserved in the Scandinavian, Welch, and Scottish bards. Were Ossian admissible evidence, he might be adduced, *instar omnium* ; but as even now '*sub judice lis est*,' he can be considered only as an illustration, without being elevated into an authority. In those cases in which imagination was allowed to interfere in a region of fact and inference, it was inevitable that history would soon assume the character of fable, and the simple truth would be lost, or be found with difficulty amid the creations of fancy. Hence, the embarrassments presented to historians in the ruder ages of all countries, with the exception of *one* who had the Spirit of God for his guide. Even in the more advanced and polished stages of society, poetry has lent its aid in this department of literature ; and events which might otherwise have been totally unknown, or but dimly seen through the mist of tradition, have been perpetuated in the songs of Homer.

In every case, however, beyond the merest annals of the rudest ages, history has been a grand moral machine ; and, whether exhibited in the soberness of prose, or in the splendour of poetry, has had a very material influence on the movements of governments and the destinies of nations. If Homer's Achilles was the prototype of Alexander, and Alexander the pattern of Cæsar, who shall say how many *ignes minores* have been kindled by reflection from them, and how remote may be the consequences of that exhibition of a hero ? Poetry, availing itself of historical facts, has thrown charms of her own creation

around the god of war, has emblazoned the achievements of a cursed ambition, has decked the field of blood 'in colours dipped 'in Heaven,' has graced the brows and immortalized the names of heroes, forgetting its high original as a gift of Heaven for the delight and improvement of the human race, and becoming the parasite of hell, and a pander of the most destructive lusts of the human heart. Yet, who would follow the *poetic* Plato (for his imagination was truly poetical) in expelling the muses from the society of man, and refusing their influences in the economy of human affairs? Who would crush the offspring of genius in its cradle? History, *poetical* history, is sanctioned by the use of inspired men: 'They shew,' says Milton, on Education, 'what 'glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both 'in divine and human things.'

As history is almost necessarily, from its very nature, a moral instrument, and may, by a dexterous management, become a most powerful one, many ingenious and learned men have chosen this as the vehicle of their own opinions.\* By embodying their favourite notions into the characters of their heroes, they have given them the fairest chance of a favourable reception among mankind. Without entering into the question which affects the credit of Xenophon, or of Herodotus, whose accounts of Cyrus are so absolutely at variance, that one of them must be considered as a fabulist, or a most mistaken narrator of facts, it is evident that Xenophon's *Prince*† was written for the purpose of inculcating his own profound views of morals, philosophy, and political science. Thus Tacitus, while under a despotism, has embodied his views of government, and developed his decided taste for liberty, in those reflections which mark every page of his biographical sketches, his annals, and his history. Thus, Oldmixon and Clarendon attempted to form public opinion to an agreement with their own views on the great questions involved in the memorable struggle against the first two Stuarts. And Charles Fox, in choosing the last king

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\* Several of the ancient histories were decidedly *national*; and their obvious intention was to awaken, or to keep in a state of intense excitement, the feelings of national glory. And so limited was the range of literature, in those days, that, with the exception of the Greeks, the paramount nation was the historian of itself and of its enemies. Had Carthage succeeded in its long struggle for empire, and transmitted to us the history of its own triumphs, and the annihilation of Rome, *Fides Punica* would probably have been exchanged for *Fides Romana*, and have had as just an application. Modern history has this advantage above the ancient, that each party can tell its own story.

† *Kyros Paideia*.

of that family, for the subject of his fragment of history, (and what intelligent reader does not lament that it is *but* a fragment?) evidently intended to inculcate his own liberal views of government, far more than to expose the puerile superstition and the gigantic despotism of that expatriated monarch. And it is well known that while love of fame was the remote inspiring principle of all Hume's writings, the *immediate* object of his history was to extenuate the crimes of the Stuarts.

With the Stuarts he began his historical career: thence he threw back a glance at the Tudors; and the ingenious apologist of the one became the severe censor of the other. It is true, he justifies the opposition of the people to James, and sometimes praises the conduct of Elizabeth; but the general character of these first two portions of history, is decidedly partial. Circumstances, and, perhaps, inclination, determined him to creep backward, till he entered the cradle of the English nation; and thus in a succession of retrograde movements, he completed the present work. In every part of his history the characteristic features of his mind had frequent opportunities of displaying themselves; nor was he backward in exhibiting them. And his whole history, so far as its facts and circumstances admit, is such as, *a priori*, might have been expected from a man whose pride, *assuming* the form of scepticism, induced him to maintain the monstrous position, that there was neither matter nor mind in the universe, and that nothing existed but a succession of floating ideas; and who, maintaining a certain doctrine which a few years since agitated the university and city of Edinburgh, has dexterously contrived to disprove the testimony of our senses in the case of miracles, and to get rid of a God, by shewing, that as we can prove things to be *sequences*\* only, and not *consequences* of what are ordinarily termed *causes*, the argument from the universe to an intelligent mind as its author, is inconclusive.

History, in the hands of so powerful a writer, might have been made one of the greatest literary and moral benefits which a nation could receive. Here, every moral principle might have received its just award, and its operation or defect of operation on individuals and society presented. We should thus have been taught, not by the rule and line of didactic, and dogmatic, or argumentative system, but by the actual operation of principle, which would then have had a 'local habitation and a name,' and would have been presented in all the embodied forms of real life. Here, we should have seen the conflicts and alternate triumphs of good and evil, and might have learned to

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\* This we think is the term used by professor Leslie and others, in the controversy alluded to in the text.

love the one and hate the other. As Hume is not sparing in his reflections, he was evidently disposed to become the teacher of mankind: and what might he not have done, with such powers, had he been under the influence of a nobler motive than that which he, unblushing, avows?—*He wrote for FAME!*\*

The school of Edinburgh, not then so distinguished by a hardiness of disquisition which led to the adoption of principles whose practical conclusions were atheism, was exchanged for those of Paris, Geneva, and Ferney, and the inveterate enemy of the religion of Christ, is apparent in every page that admitted its display. In *his* writings, the liberality of Paganism is always seen to advantage, in opposition to the inflexible stubbornness and frowning aspect of Christianity; Popery is extenuated, while the evils of Protestantism are blazoned; High Church, with her appalling claims and magisterial commands, has even the advantage of rigid Puritanism. And had any society existed, professing the generous and rational principles of atheism, he had doubtless given that the precedence, and exulted in the darkness he had formed; for the notion of a God, under any form of theism, is, at times, attended with some unpleasant associations and anticipations. He has thus contributed his share to the diffusion of that mental poison, which has produced so large a portion of the distractions of Europe for the last twenty-five years. If its virulence has been less active in England than on the Continent, the great counteracting cause will be found, not merely in the freedom of our civil constitution, and in our general information, but in the religious liberty, which has enabled Christianity to meet infidelity, not with the weapons of the inquisition, but with its own celestial light and power.

Men who write for fame or for subsistence, are seldom scrupulous in the choice of means, and generally feel the pulse of the public. It is the business of such writers, to study, and, in some degree, conform to, the temper of those on whose award they depend for success. They may make high pretences of independence, and of giving laws of thinking to the age; but they are generally hurried on in the track of the literary and reading mass; and though they may accelerate their movements, they can scarcely alter their direction. Hume felt

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\* This is every where intimated, and sometimes explicitly avowed, in that curious, egotistical, and, in one sense, *candid* account of "My own Life," written by this ingenious Author. It is candid: for, though it obviously intended to blazon his own excellence, it is the exhibition of excellences which have not the remotest relation to the Christian virtues of humility before God, and disinterested love to man. They are the excellences of a *philosopher* who has successfully learned to esteem himself better than others.

indeed a perfect congeniality of soul with the persons among whom he spent so large a portion of his life ; whose principles were fashioned, and whose vices were cherished, by Voltaire and Rousseau. He has followed, no doubt, the bent of his own mind ; but he was vastly encouraged in this by the movements of minds around him. He had a moral constitution fitted for the mephitic atmosphere in which he breathed ; and the baseness of his heart, which prepared him for such an element, was cherished and increased by the region in which he lived. It was this state of things which brought to maturity the seed so sedulously sown by his continental coadjutors, and of which Europe has long been reaping so plentiful, so melancholy a harvest. This natural result, from which years or ages of sufferings will scarcely suffice to extricate the nations, will, it is hoped, stamp the mark of deserved infamy on *infidelity*, which has proved itself so unfriendly to social happiness and civil rights ; and on *superstition* too, which gave to infidelity its most powerful arms, and prepared the men before whose eyes it never suffered Christianity to be presented in all its majestic simplicity, to reject the truths, to which it had so strangely added its own puerile errors. It will, at all events, prevent our soon seeing another philosophical Frederic, exchanging his sceptre and his sword for the sceptical pen dipped in gall, to write down and \* crush the wretch whose benevolent descent from heaven gave light, and hope, and peace, to man on earth.

Hume declined entering minutely, like Buchanan in his classical work on Scotland, into the fabulous parts of history : and he did well ; for the uncertainty of earlier history in general, may be inferred from the air of fable which mingles with all the earliest accounts of nations. Take that of Rome, for instance. Virgil was allowed, by the laws of epic poetry, to *invent* an historical machinery for his hero ; and, unless in the absence of all other information, as in the case of Troy, no one would resort to the poet for historical notices. But the solid judgement and discriminating mind of Livy, was under the necessity of commencing his immortal pages with a fabulous account of the exposure and preservation of the immediate founder of Rome. His own scepticism is indeed apparent ; but the very mention of the fable shews his want of all authentic documents.† No-

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\* Such is said to have been the literary watchword among the infidel philosophers of the Continent, in reference to Christ and Christianity.

† Such a tale, in classic story, is common ; for thus the poets have exposed the infant Paris on Mount Ida ; and thus Herodotus pretends Cyrus was exposed by the command and through the fear of Astyages.

thing, however, more clearly shews the uncertainty of early history, than the various accounts given of the Jews by foreign historians. Justin, *Lib. 36. c. 2.* Tacitus, *His. Lib. 5. c. 2.* and Apion, whom Josephus so successfully combats, give the most preposterous accounts of the early history, migration, and settlement of that people. If the Hebrew originals were generally inaccessible, the Septuagint was open to all Greek scholars, and every man of education in Rome was acquainted with Greek. If, where a document of so high authority existed, an eminent historian like Pomp. Trogus, (of whose work Justin is an abridgement,) and the still more celebrated Tacitus, could display so much ignorance, and employ so much fable, what could Hume have done more than he has done, with the earlier portions of the English History, unless he had given the reins to invention, and expatiated on a ground purely ideal; or seized on a few facts, and plunged into the abyss of conjecture for the purpose of giving to those insulated and mutilated fragments the semblance of one historical *whole*? He has commenced his history with a most just observation. 'The curiosity, entertained by all civilized nations, of enquiring into the exploits and adventures of their ancestors, commonly excites a regret that the history of remote ages should always be so much involved in obscurity, uncertainty and contradiction. Ingenious men, possessed of leisure, are apt to push their researches beyond the period in which literary monuments are framed or preserved; without reflecting, that the history of past events is immediately lost or disfigured when entrusted to memory or oral tradition.'

Yet, after all that Hume and Henry, and Smollett and Belsham, with a list of minor writers, have accomplished, after all the just distinction which several of these have acquired by their laboured researches, and profound reflections; and while editions after editions have issued, and are continuing to issue, from the press, the genuine friends of literature, of the British Constitution, and of Christian morality, consider a History of England still a *desideratum*. And the public wait, with no ordinary anxiety, for a work from the pen of an eloquent senator, eminent in every department to which he has directed his attention, who shall rival Hume in the appropriateness of his selection of facts, in the clearness of his narration, in the philosophical arrangement of his materials, in the vividness of his description, in the vigour of his conceptions, and in the depth of his reasonings and reflections; and who shall surpass him in purity, and in all the great moral and political characters of a thorough English historian: who shall, in fine, produce a work fit to meet the eye and fall on the ear of the most modest and religious, and calculated to excite or keep alive all that is British, all that is

free, in the educated part of the community. If such a work be not presented to the public, Sir James Mackintosh will have disappointed, as an historian, the high expectations which he has created, as the Author of *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, as the advocate of Peltier, as the constitutional judge of Bombay, and as the strenuous defender of human rights in the British Parliament.

Still, Hume will long maintain a high place in the public estimation. He has already the advantage of actual occupaney, nor will it be easy to displace him from his high and commanding position. His influence does not, we apprehend, arise from superior accuracy in the narration of facts, nor from the political principles which pervade his work; but from that simplicity which presents every thing with so much clearness, and that tone of deep sentiment which, as in Tacitus, causes the narrator to be forgotten in the more elevated and dignified character of philosopher. As Hume, with all his literary, political, and religious delinquencies, will be extensively read, and, were it not especially for the latter, ought to be read, Mr. Mitchell has done well in making this revision. What he has done, however, cannot be known by a cursory reading. It consists much in the suppression of casual reflections, which, however incidentally introduced, were designed by their frequency, to generate scepticism or infidelity; for Hume was not like his fellow transgressor, Gibbon, who entered on grave and seemingly elaborate defences of 'our orthodox faith' and 'our holy religion,' as he generally terms it, in order to burlesque it by its grotesque exhibitions, and to weaken its evidences by the designedly feeble arguments adduced for its support. Let us hear Mr. M. speak for himself.

'The plan of the Editor of the present work is, to put into the hands of parents and instructors of youth, and into those of the general reader, who has no time to search more original authorities, an edition of this eloquent and useful historian, purified from his contaminating principles.

'In pursuit of this object, the Editor has altered no one fact or statement of the general narrative, or one line of those masterly delineations of character, with which this beautiful writer abounds, except when, from a reference to his own authority, or from a comparison of other historians, the efforts of unhappy prejudice were apparent.

'To these authorities and historians, the reader will find regular references, on all occasions of importance.

'In some places the alteration of a single expression has removed the objection; in others, the omission of a sentence, no way connected with the history, and only introduced to cast a slur upon religion, was all that was necessary; but in others the Editor's task has been more extensive, especially in the latter volumes.

'The Editor has still one observation to make respecting the nature

of his undertaking and his claims upon the attention of the public. The infidel philosophy of modern times, in its plans against revealed religion, seems to have included a conspiracy against the purity and peculiar honour of the female character; and if it has not endeavoured to lower according to its own views, that character in the estimation of mankind, it has certainly wished to *alter* it into something more suitable to the taste of the profligate and licentious. It has hence arisen, that the two most celebrated historical productions of modern times, the works of Mr. H. and Mr. Gibbon, are replete with passages most offensive to the delicacy of the female mind; and it is to be feared most pernicious to the youth of the other sex.

‘Of this, I think, there can be no doubt, that the strongest bulwark of virtue in the mind of a young man, is a high estimation of the character of women. Whatever, therefore, tends to lower that estimate, tends, in an equal degree, to *demoralize* our youth.

‘It has accordingly been a principal object in the present edition, to remove from the narrative of Hume, all coarse and indelicate expressions and allusions, and all improper quotations from ancient authors, with which the more refined ideas of modern times ought to have prevented the historian from polluting his pages. The Editor, therefore, ventures to indulge a hope that he shall obtain the thanks and encouragement of an enlightened age, which has received with such marked favour a *FAMILY SHAKESPEARE*, in presenting them also with a *FAMILY HUME*.\* *Preface*, pp. xiii—xv.

As history will ever delight, and as the history of England ought to delight the minds of Britons, we can venture to re-

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\* ‘It is most painful to reflect that Gibbon, whose brilliance and wit are so fascinating, whose learning is so various and profound, whose range of history gives him such charms of novelty, and who is altogether one of the most astonishing writers of the whole republic of letters, should be the very beastliest and most detestable author in existence. His infidelity, great as it is, dwindles into a minor and almost imperceptible offence, compared with his obscenity. He fairly revels amid the scenes of a Mahomedan haram, and never loses an opportunity of displaying the prurience of his filthy imagination for the purposes of self-gratification and of demoralizing his readers. Obscenity stains the very substance of his history. This must discredit it with all who love modesty, who cultivate a spirit of elegance in their souls, and of delicacy in their language, and are not completely vulgarized by their animal instincts. In his Preface, Mr. Gibbon very truly informs us, that he is ‘now descending into the vale of years;’ and the volumes themselves assure us, that he is descending with all the gross laciviousness of unblushing youth about him. How full must be the fountain of impurity in the heart, when the stream is foaming and frothing so much through every page?” See “Whitaker’s Review of Gibbon’s History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire:” a work which displays profound research, and a force of indignant eloquence which reminds us of Junius, and occasionally equals his boldest language.—Will any compassionate Mitchell ever rise with a capacity of presenting to the world a *FAMILY GIBBON*?

commend to parents, and to the heads of those seminaries in which such extended histories are introduced, in preference to his entire work, the present expurgated edition of Hume. As a *history*, its value is not in the slightest degree impaired; for there is not a fact suppressed or added, though, on examination, some statements may have received a slight modification: a modification, however, for which sufficient reasons exist. Should some of its sentiments still be thought exceptionable, they will not be found in the moral and religious parts of the work, as Mr. M. has paid to these the most vigilant attention. It should be remembered, that as it was not the Editor's intention to remould the work, and give it an entirely new character, and as those slightly exceptionable sentiments are so interwoven in the texture of the history, as to prevent their separation without mutilating some of its fairest portions, we must acquit him of all the evil, if any there be that yet remains, and wait in hope that the day is near, when we shall hail the appearance of a History of England so truly British and so truly Christian, as to permit our recommending it without reserve to universal attention.

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Art. II. *On the Principles of the Christian Religion*: addressed to her Daughter; and, *On Theology*. By Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, Author of the "Memoirs of the Life of Col. Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle and Town, &c." 8vo. pp. 347. Price 10s. 6d. London. Longman and Co. 1817.

**M**RS. LUCY HUTCHINSON needs no introduction to our readers. The remarkable case of literary resuscitation of which she has been the subject, has been attended by a success equally remarkable in winning for herself a large portion of general admiration, in the face of a host of opposing influences. Displaying, in one hand ensigns sure to provoke a very formidable hostility, and the memoirs of her husband in the other, she has forced the lines of prejudice, and conquered for herself an honourable place in public opinion. She will continue to be thought of, not simply as a credible memorialist of transactions which will interest Englishmen as long as Englishmen are free: the eminent qualities of mind and heart which exhibit themselves in her writings, give her a personal consideration that entitles her to a niche among our worthies. Mrs. Hutchinson has ascended to her place in the noble company of them who are to be had in everlasting remembrance. Calvinist, Puritan, Baptist, Republican,—an abettor of rebellion so called, she has added a notable demonstration to the thousand that have been given of the *unmeaningness*, as designations of character, of those sweeping epithets which are the delight of heated and empty heads. In this view, the publication of the

present volume may do good, as it will repeat and strengthen the impression which has been made by its precursor.

We shall not attempt to determine what might have been the fate of this altogether interesting publication, had it been the only production of the Author that had reached us; but we are disposed to give ourselves credit for as much *unassisted* judgement, as would have induced us to recommend it to the perusal of our readers for its own sake, and not merely as a literary curiosity. Unquestionably, we should have pronounced it the work of a very extraordinary woman, exhibiting, as it does, a degree of acquaintance with the learning most in vogue at the time, reputable to a scholar, and distinguishing in the case of a female; a considerable superiority to prejudices, and emancipation from senseless trammels, which, in her time, exercised an influence over respectable understandings; a propriety of style, which proves the mind to be in possession of itself; a *naieté*, which results from earnestness and reality of feeling; the good taste of a virtuous mind; and still further, a power of fixing the attention upon abstractions, which, (and no real disparagement is included in the remark,) we are little accustomed to look for when comfortably seated by our firesides.

In his Preface to the Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson, the Editor states, that among Mrs. Hutchinson's MSS. there were 'Two Books, treating entirely of religious subjects,' concerning which he says, 'Although the fancy may be rather too much indulged (in them) the judgement still maintains the ascendancy, and sentiments of exalted piety, liberality, and benevolence, are delivered in terms apposite, dignified, and perspicuous.'

With these pieces we are now presented. The first is on the principles of the Christian Religion; addressed to her daughter, Mrs. Orgill;—the second is on Theologie; composed probably for the Author's own improvement, and, we should conjecture, at an earlier period of her life. The dedication of the first treatise, to her daughter, displays much of the writer's sound sense, Christian spirit, and genuine humility. She thus states her design.

'If any attempts have beene made to shake you in principles, I bewaile it as my neglect of fixing them by precept and example, and have written this little summary for you, not that I thinke it is anie thing but what you may, more methodically collected, find in many bookes allready written, and as usefully gather for yourselfe out of the same spirituall garden where I had them, but that it may lie by you as a wittnesse of those sound truths I desired to instruct you in, and as my last exhortation that you take heed you be not seduced to factions and parties in religion from that Catholick faith and universall love, wherein all that are true Christians must unite.'

As the period in which Mrs. Hutchinson lived, might be characterized as the age of *notions* and divisions; she appears peculiarly anxious to guard her daughter against the perils to which even the well-intentioned are exposed at such a time. After urging the importance of stability in principle, she thus enforces catholicism of temper and conduct.

‘ There never was a time, when the truth was more clouded with the mists of error, then att this day; so that it is very difficult for young converts not to be infected with some of them, all the old ones, against which the Church of God in and immediately after Christ’s time so powerfully contended being renewd in our dayes, and many new stalks growing upon every old poysonous roote, the broachers and sect masters coming many of them forth in the appearance of angells of light; and it is Sathe’s pollicy at this day, when the guilded baites of the world and the sweete allurements of the flesh will not prevaile, then to tempt, with a wrested Scripture, as he dealt even with Christ himselte; and if some one opinion draw men into a sect, for that they espouse all the erronious practises and opinions of that sect, and reiect the benefitt they might have by spirituall converse with Christians of other iudgments, at least receive nothing from them without it passe the verdict of that sect they encline to. But I must, having bene very much exercisd concerning this thing, hold forth to you the testimony that I have receivd of God, whither you will receive it from me or not. Sects are a great sinne, and Christians ought all to live in the unity of the Spiritt; and though it cannot be, but that offences will come in the Church, yet woe be to them by whom they come. . . . . Love is the bond of perfectnesse, and they that breake the communion of saints walke not charitably, and will be highly accountable to God for it. Those that make devisions, and those that follow deviding seducers, keepe not close to the undisputable precept of Christ. In his name, therefore, I beg of you to study and exercise universall love to every member of Christ, under what denomination soever you find them.’

We draw from their places the following sentences, as they exhibit the simplicity and humility of the amiable writer.

‘ You may perhaps, when you have read these common principles and grounds, which I have here collected for you, thinke I might have spard my payns, and sent you a twopennie catechize, which contains the substance of all this; and it is true here is nothing but what in substance you will find in every sound catechize. but though wee ought to be taught these things, the first that wee are taught, yet they will hold us learning all our lives, and att every review wee shall find our understandings grow in them. The want of having these grounds well layd, is the cause of so many wavering and falling into various sects.’ ‘ The Apostle reproaches the weakness of our sex more than the other, when speaking of the prevalency of seducers, he says they lead about silly weomen, who are ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth; therefore every wise and holy woman ought to watch strictly over herselfe, that

she become not one of these ; but as our sex, through ignorance and weakenesse of iudgement (which in the most knowing weomen is inferior to the masculine understanding of men), are apt to entertaine fancies, and pertinacious in them, soe wee ought to watch over ourselves, in such a day as this, and to embrace nothing rashly ; but as our owne imbecillity is made knowne to us, to take heed of presumption in ourselves, and to leane by faith upon the strength of the Lord, and beg his protection, that wee may not be led into error.' ' I have had many distractions of spirit, and interruptions in setting downe these things, which I send you, as a testimony of my best and most tender love to you, who cannot consider the age and temptations you are cast upon, without greate thoughts of heart and earnest prayer for you many times when you sleepe, and dreame not of the spirituall loving care I have for you.' (She thus concludes :) ' It is life, not notion, that God requires ; if you live in your first light, God will enlarge it, and give you eternall light and life in our Lord Jesus, which is the most fervent prayer of your truly affectionate Mother.'

Mrs. Hutchinson does not write without *method*, though she appears often to be following merely the current of her thoughts, as she passes through the common places of divinity ; or, as she herself expresses it at p. 90, where she makes a pause, as it seems, to collect her digressions.

' I have before, in declaring God and Christ, and what he hath done for us, and how wee are brought into the participation of his grace and glory, made digressions and enlargement, and perhaps anticipated and misplacd some things. . . . . To passe over apologies, while I write not for the presse, to boast my owne weaknesses to the world, but to imprint on your hart the characters I have receivd of God ; I shall go on, only reduce my digressions into a summe of what you have before.'

And we cannot better give an idea of the plan of the treatise, than by quoting what immediately follows.

' The true wisdom and felicitie of man consists in the knowledge of God, as our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, which we could not perfectly arrive to, but by the reflection of ourselves in our created, lapsed, and restored estate. This restoration being effected by the mediator Christ, I propounded 5 things to be considered of him, 1. Who he is ; viz. the eternall Son of God, uniting our humane to his devine nature, and being so, God-man, two distinct natures in one person, reconciling the fallen nature of man to the pure nature of God, and marijng them together in his person. 2. What he hath done for us, viz. that he died to satisfie the wrath of God due to our transgression, and rose againe for our iustification ; and ascending up to his Father's glory, hath taken possession of the heavenly inheritance for us, and received gifts for men, which he gives us by his Holy Spiritt, being made our High Priest, who, by once offering up of himselfe for us, hath for ever perfected those that come to God by him : and our Prophett, who hath declard unto us the whole will of the Father, and by his contiguall intercession

obtains all pardon, and all grace, and all good things for us, and who by his Spirit teaches us and leads us into all truth; and our King, who hath vanquish't for us the powers of hell, and Sathan, and death, and sin, that wee should not remaine under their dominion, but become his servants and faithful subiects, and live under his protection, sharing his reigne and glory. 3. How he is exhibited to us, viz. by the preaching of the Gospell, and the Spiritt mooving therein. 4. How he is receiv'd of us, viz. by faith, which the Spiritt workes in our hearts, whereby wee receive Christ offerd unto us in the Gospell, and are made one with him. The last consideration is, how wee are reteind in his fellowship, which I have in generall sayd to be by the same Spiritt working love in our hearts, and keeping us in the exercise of all the duties of it to God and man.'

The expanded view of this last head occupies the remaining five and forty pages of this first Treatise.

We could easily fill our pages with extracts that would gratify our pious readers. We shall select a few, which, while they are interesting for their matter, are the most in the *manner* of the Author; and we shall keep in view a further object. Should any of *our* readers be unwilling to believe that *such* a woman was, to use the language of our times, a *thorough Methodist*, they shall have the opportunity of satisfying themselves on the point; and while we would beg them to remark upon what topics, and in what a strain, Mrs. Hutchinson addresses her daughter, we challenge them, from any part of her writings that have been given to the public, to point out the indications of a weak, credulous, superstitious, or enthusiastic mind; or of a low, sectarian, or fanatical spirit, which, supposing at least that they are not resolved to throw away all candour and all discrimination, might help them to account for such phenomena.

Under the second head, speaking of what has been done by Christ for his Church, she says:

'He is made our peace and righteousness, being the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, the Lamb slaine from the beginning of the world; all the tipes and sacrifices of the law, shadowing and leading to him, who was the true and only peace-maker betweene God and man, who gatherd all the elect into one body, and become their head, husband, elder brother, and made them fellow heires with him, and the righteousness of God in him; their sins being his, and his righteousness theirs by imputation; he deliverd us from the curse and bondage of the law, and restored that image of God which was lost by the first Adam's transgression, renewing his people in the inward man, and making them, after regeneration, to beare his image as of a second Adam, and roote of mankind. He became unto us a fountaine of light, and life, and grace, and truth; a storehouse of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God; a rock of refuge against all the stormes of wrath and misery that wee

are liable to; a covering of our shame and nakednesse; a living roote, in whom wee grow up to God; a foundation of glorie and blessednesse in which wee are built up a holy building to God; a cleansing fountaine; a well of life to refresh all our wearinesse; a heavenly food to nourish us to life everlasting; a doore by whom wee have accesse to God; a shield that defends us from all the darts of the evill one; a Captain of our salvation to lead us into the heavenly Canaan, the everlasting rest of God. He hath restord to us a right in the whole creation, while the wicked are but usurpers of the good creatures of God. These and many others are the Scripture expressions of the greate things that Christ our Redeemer hath done for us, who not only redeemes the elect of God by price, having shed his pretious blood to make satisfaction to the wrath of God, and to purchase them to himselfe; but alsoe redeemes us by the power of his spiritt, delivering us from the bands of sinne, and hell, and death, which I have here a little confusedly sett downe as the Scriptures came into my mind, which finding such a vast extent of his love, could not easily contract itselfe into a summary and method of discourse, on a subiect which ought to fill the hearts and tongues of men and angells with perpetuall admiration, and extolling the unspeakable and unconceivable love of God and Christ to poore lost mankind.' pp. 49, 50.

The following extracts, which we give abridged, are excellent: the last paragraph we greatly admire.

'As faith apprehends God to be the chiefest good, and not only so in himselfe, but our soveraigne and only felicitie, wee cannot so believe, but our soules must love him above all, and long after him, and seeke their supream ioy in the fruition of him, which since wee can no way arrive to but by Christ, hence, he becomes the chiefest of 10,000 to our poore soules, exceeding pretious, and excellent, and admirable, farre above all that the tongue of men and angells can expresse him.

'All men pretend a love to God, but there are but few in whom it is sincere; therefore to discern our love, I shall only here insert a few notes of true love. 1. None truely love God but those who love God only; they that lett anie creature share their heart with God, deceive themselves, and give God none of it. 2. As God is to be lovd only, so he is to be lovd constantly, as well when he strikes, as when he stroakes; as well when he takes, as when he gives. Whom Christ lovd he lovd to the end, and they that love Christ love him to the end. 3. He that truely loves God, loves him for himselfe more then for the good he expects from him.\* 4. He that loves God

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\* This is a sentiment, we believe, very generally rejected by *Protestants* of the present day, as a refinement, and a branch of mysticism. We consider the making of this objection, as expressive of an important difference in the *style* of piety between the supporters of the two opinions. The dispute would arise no doubt in many cases from a mere misunderstanding of the proposition: it is frequent to hear the idea scouted of a *disinterested* love of God,—aye, and so it

loves all things that are his as his, and those most that have most impression of his holiness. 5. He that loves God loves all those that love him, and delights in their conversation, especially when they contend in the praises of God, and endeavour to magnify his name. 6. The love of God makes true believers to love all his ordinances, to love his word, and the messengers of it. 7. Further, the love of God makes a true believer to love all his dispensations, even his chastisements, so farre as they are destructive to that sinne which hath procured them. 8. Again, the love of God makes believers love his interest, and be willing to part with all things that are deare to them for the advancement of his glory. 9. The love of God makes true believers to hate all things that are contrary to his holiness, even in themselves and their most beloved relations.

10. He that truly loves God delights to meditate of him, and to discourse of him, and to heare the mention of his name, and is weary

may, if by this is meant the loving that in which we know we have no interest : but what has this to do with the question ? It is not imagined that any creature loves God under a formal disruption, if we may so speak, of the idea of God as the source and author of good to the individual ; but, that the passion which necessarily and regularly takes place in proportion as the mind is rightly ordered, and as it apprehends God, is truly a different thing, and therefore susceptible of distinct consideration, though never in fact *disjoined* from the reflected or inferential sentiment which relates to individual felicity. For our own parts, we have always considered it as an important principle, and capable of extensive application to Christian experience, that the happiness to which man is restored in being reconciled to God, is derived in a way of *immediate* acts. It is conceived that the happiness of holy beings consists in the *direct* apprehension of the infinite blessedness and absolute excellence of God ; and if they may repose, as it were, from this primary impression, it is in the *recollection* that thus themselves are blessed. We suggest, by the by, whether a fuller consideration of this principle, would not tend to dissipate the clouds that gloom the days of many Christians ; the ray that is reflected is but a glimmering, and is robbed of its sensible heat : let faith be direct, and love will burn :—and love casteth out fear. When God is sought for only in the reflection from ourselves, no wonder if the way is dark, and the heart cold. As to the above sentiment being a branch of mysticism,—it may be so. The persons usually denominated the Mystics, lived for the most part in the twilight hours of the Christian day :—we think they were defective in their views of the Gospel : but in point of improvement, we had infinitely rather listen to the emphatic aphorisms of those who live under the full and strong impression of any one of the great facts of Christianity, than hear the flat descants of many who enjoy the meridian light of truth. In a word, we can wish nothing better for the comfortable, well-conditioned professors of the present day, than that they may go and learn something of that solemn, soul-absorbing, undiverted, painful, extatic love of God, which burns so bright in the lives and writings of the Mystics.

of that conversation, where God is seldome, slightly, or never remembered. Doe wee not see that even in creature loves, whatever the heart is sett on, men take all occasions to admire it, to consult how to attaine the enioyment of it, and delight to heare the obiect of their loves prayd and comended by others, love those that love it, and hate those that hate it, and use all endeavours to make others admire and love what they doe; and are wee not ashamd to pretend to the love of God, when a little discourse of him is tedious to us, when those that hate the mention of him, whose mouths are full of lies and vanity, whose hearts are full of the world, and whose conversations savour nothing of God, are our beloved and delightfull companions? This is a sore evill, and deserves a deepe consideration and reflection; even the saints themselves, in their conferences of God at this day, are rather fortifying each other in particular opinions that they affect, then magnifying the name of God for his excellency and his wonder, manifested to the sons of men in his greate workes of creation, providence, redemption, sanctification. Who declares to each other the goodnesse of God dayly exercised to their soules, and calls on their friends and neighbours to blesse the Lord with them and for them? Ah, wee live in such a world, that a true lover of God cannot doe it, without casting pearles before swine, that would turne and rent them; and therefore are faine almost, in all companie to keepe silence, or elce have their hearts disturbd from the contemplation of the deare obiect of their soules, and led astray in the willdernesse of the world.' p. 84.

Some pages further on we meet with a passage which may serve as a counterpart to the foregoing, and the length of which, we are persuaded, our readers will not regret.

'This feare, (that of the wicked,) bondage, and terror, believers and true worshippers of God are delivered from, through the redemption that is in Christ; but that gentle curb, which the love of God putts, as a bridle, on our wild affections, is the delight of the saints, who count the service of God perfect freedom. These are affected with a reverentiall, filliall awe in his presence; they dread his displeasure more than hell, and seeke his face and favour more than Heaven. Heaven would not be Heaven to a true child of God, if God were not there in his grace and favour, and were it possible there could be a hell, where God's favour could be enioyed, a true lover of God would chuse it before Paradice, without him: but God cannot be seperated from Heaven, he is the heaven of heaven; and where he is present in grace and favour, there is no hell in the greatest tortures imaginable. This made Lawrence his gridiron a bed of roses; this made the stones that were hurld at Stephen, only to beate away the grosse ayre from about him, and bring the glorious heaven into his view, with the sight of which he was so extasied, he felt not the payne of the strokes. This reverentiall feare begettis a holy care and watch in the soule, suspecting and crying out to God to keepe his citadell there, at every small motion and appearance of the enemy, in any suggestion or any rising mist. 'Tis a holy frame of spiritt that keepes us allwayes in a reverent awe and dread of the maiesty of God, and in an humble posture of soule before him, yet

cutts not of, but aggravates our delight in him, our joy and our singing before him: it is our wall of defence, and not our prison; our badge of honor, and not our chaine of bondage: herein our love is exercised; and this is one of God's sweete embracings, whereby he holds in our soules and keepes them close to him. He that feares not God loves him not, as tis to be suspected too many doe that unreverently approach his throne in all their filthy pollutions, and dread not to come so undecently into his presence.' pp. 115—117.

The latter, and rather larger half of the volume, is occupied with the tract 'Of Theologie.' It is more laboured, more scholastic, less practical, than the other; it abounds with references to the classics, and to Jewish and Christian writers; and not being apparently, like that which Mrs. Hutchinson wrote for her daughter, composed under the impression of a definite and important object, will perhaps generally be read with less interest. At this period, the subpœnaing of a host of testimonies, the greater number of them vastly insignificant, was deemed an appropriate part of the treatment of every subject. Thinking was still at least as much concerned with names as with things. The discussion of the most important question was often a spontaneous exercise ending in itself; and controversy was a tournament, in which, though there was enough that was real to interest the malevolent passions, and in which serious injury might be inflicted, the very nature of the case precluded the expectation of any solid advantage. But if we refer to the intellectual character of the times at all, in the way of apology for the less interesting parts of Mrs. Hutchinson's writings, such a reference will, on the other hand, furnish the ground of a comparison very advantageous to her in several respects. In these pages she exhibits, on many occasions, that sort of intuitive good sense, in which her sex must be allowed so often to excel, and which led her at once to detect and expose the solemn nonsense that was by no means completely exploded a hundred and fifty years ago. Thus, referring to the disputes of the schools, she remarks:

'These, and such like impertinences, devines have variously disputed, mixing philosophy with Christian simplicity, and by accommodating the understanding of it to the rules of art, have cheated themselves with false notions, and understand it not at all.' p. 144.

And again,

'The schoolemen, stirrd up with an itch of disputation, contend about their theologie, whither it be *science* practicall or speculative, or *prudence* or *wisedome*: which word soever they fix on, weighing it upon all philosophicall accounts, they wrack their braines to accommodate it to their theologie, and make it their businesse to fish out of humane learning all that is attributed to it. Suppose, for instance, *Wisedome* be their terme, whatever the philosophers say of that, must be accomodated to their theologie, and then they triumph over all

other notions, all of them being equally ridiculous ; and conclude theologie is wisdom. Thus being utterly ignorant of the mind of the Spirit in these words, prudence, knowledge, wisdom, doctrine, they torture all the nerves of their ingenuity, (for they are commonly ingenuous fools,) and bend their endeavours to turne the wisdom of God, hidden in a mystery, into the imperfect foolish wisdom of this world, and to circumscribe it in the narrow limitts of humane invention, which, as it is most perniciously dangerous to Christian religion, so is it diametrically opposite to apostolicall doctrine.' pp. 150—151.

Theology is here considered as that knowledge of God which can be obtained only in the revelation which he has made of himself : here exclusively it is to be sought for, and it is received,

'not because propositions are built one upon another by evident reasons ; or conclusions, assented to, are rightly educed from their principles ; but because by assured faith wee embrace every particular truth, seperately considerd, on the account of that immediate devine revelation, whereon all theologie is supported.' p. 154.

Having referred to the primary sense of the term Theology, as intending the knowledge of God in the abstract, or *objectively* considered, Mrs. Hutchinson proceeds to her main design, which, including some considerable digressions, is to give a sort of historical descant upon *subjective* theology, in which the commencement, the augmentation, the decays, and the several restorations of the knowledge of God, are traced through the successive dispensations of Divine grace.

'All the theologie of all men hath regard either to the implanted word, and is called from thence naturall, or to the successive revealed word, from whence it is called supernaturall. To begin with the first,—Naturall theologie falls under a threefold consideration ; 1, as pure ; 2, corrupt ; 3, apostatizd.'

The following chapter treats this question : 'Whither man's innate theology be yet surviving, though corrupt, and groaning under its natural depravation?' and these propositions are maintained : '1. There remains in the minds of men many fragments of naturall theologie. 2. Whatever those fragments are, they are not true theologie ;' that is, enough of what is true does not remain to answer the ultimate end of all theology, or to bring men into a state of acceptance with God, though it be sufficient to answer the judicial end of rendering them inexcusable. Rom. i. 20. This insufficiency of natural theology is argued at some length, chiefly on the ground that, although it includes the consciousness of sin, and the anticipation of punishment, it affords no express assertion of the Divine placability, or if this placability were supposed, it gives no direction as to the terms on which its exercise may be certainly expected : it can never relieve the conscience from dread, or give any assurance of the Divine favour ; therefore, it affords no

ground for that love of God which is at once the essence, and the motive of all true virtue.

And here is introduced in form, a long ‘ Digression concerning Universal Grace’, in which the opponent, upon ground perhaps somewhat *above* common Arminianism, maintains the *hypothetical* sufficiency of natural theology, to which the respondent, upon ground not entirely identical with that which would be taken by well-informed *modern* Calvinists, replies. This discussion occupies forty pages. It exhibits a great deal of acuteness and close thinking. But as it is stated in the commencement, as a common point, that ‘ The revelation of ‘ Jesus Christ, by the Gospell, is absolutely necessary to the ‘ obtaining of salvation,’ (p. 198), this admission may seem to reduce the dispute to little better than an idle amusement, at least so far as the question may appear to have any practical relation to the conduct of Christians in the world, as the repositories of the word of life. He who is duly impressed with the *indisputable fact*, that the world lieth in the wicked one,\* will surely feel that there is something else to be done, than to run round the three worlds in pursuit of every hypothesis that may be started upon the subject.† But indeed it is amazing to observe the *sang froid*, if the expression may be allowed, with which Christian writers of times past very often speak of, and argue concerning, the state of the world. During the heat of persecution, an almost total forgetfulness of the condition of others may be easily accounted for, and in a sense excused. In such times, indeed, the Head of the Church seems to take the dissemination of his truth more immediately into his own hands. His people are absorbed with their own affliction; and he seems graciously to dispense on their part with those ‘ liberal devisings’ for the good of mankind, which ordinarily arise under circumstances of personal security. They are still honoured with being his agents, for he will do nothing without his friends; but they are so almost involuntarily. The “ Prince of the power of “ the air” is permitted to excite a hurricane, which scatters the good seed of the kingdom widely over the field of the world: “ Therefore they that were scattered abroad went every where “ preaching the word.” “ They which were scattered abroad “ upon the persecution that arose about Stephen, travelled as far

\* ἐν τῷ πονηρῷ κίτται.

† We would by no means be understood to deprecate those unavoidable *branchings* of divinity, which must more or less be pursued, when, for the instruction of those who are to teach religion, theology has to be reduced to a system of propositions. But we *do* object, chiefly on the ground of their *chilling* influence, to discussions of this sort not clearly indispensable to these methods of instruction, which themselves derive all their use from the narrowness of our views, and the feebleness of our powers.

"as Phenice, and Cyprus, and Antioch, preaching the word." But where churches, under a tolerable measure of external tranquillity, remain efficiently indifferent (whatever they may talk about, or pray about) to the diffusion of the Gospel in the world, we are disposed to assert it as an invariable principle, abundantly established by experience, that from such churches the Divine Spirit is departed. A worldly, a slumbering, a wrangling, or a sectarian spirit, pervades their members; a *notional* Christianity is the only thing which interests them as Christians; and the 'few names' that may be found in such societies, are subjected to years of sorrowful lamentation, that the word of God is *bound* among them. Such a state of things, to some considerable extent it appears, very quickly succeeded the *good times* of Puritanical persecutions, about the period of the complete overthrow of the enemies of true religion in the year 1648. Many, no doubt, were the exceptions. How many were there who would have rejoiced inexpressibly, could they have seen the things which we see? But how few, how very few are those who wholly escape the evil influences of the day in which they live! We have been led into this digression, by a passage which we shall quote, and which will not be perused by our pious readers, without an emotion of gratitude to the Source of all good, for the great change which, in this respect, has taken place in the sentiments of Christians, and the prospects of the Church. Could the spirit of the truly devout writer come down among us now, with what impatience, with what grief, with what joy, would she rend from her book the page which we transcribe.

'*Res.* No man doubts but that there is a possibility the Gospell might be preacht to those to whom it is not preacht. But that that might be done in respect to the event, which from eternity God willd should not be done, is not yet proovd. The Scripture attributes it to the will of God, that the Gospell is not actually preacht to many, nor was not to be preacht to them. Nor appears it that this comes about through our sloth and negligence, which, if it did, would not much alter the case; for if God had willd their salvation, he could have removed that sloth. Besides, sloth cannot iustly be criminated where there is no office, for all our duty depends on the will of God calling us to office. *How will they make it appeare that wee are calld to the preaching of the Gospell, to those that live in the uttermost ends of the earth?* *Opponent.* There needs no ecclesiasticall mission for the undertaking that office. *Resp.* Grant that; but what is that providence of God, which so signifies his will to us therein, as to warrant us to set upon the worke in faith? Or who are endued with gifts for the due performance of it? It appears not to me, however sloth in performance of that duty wee are calld to may be iustly charged on us, yet that our guilt is of that extent, as that it will be imputed as our crime, that the Gospell is not preacht in America.' p. 191.

Upon this passage we shall presently make a remark of another kind, and proceed now to follow Mrs. Hutchinson through her argument. She goes on to consider 'Naturall Theologie under that totall corruption whereby it became 'apostaticall.'

'The sad issues of humane defection and miserie which ran on corrupting the primitive theologie, till it ended in horrid and totall apostacy, and a hellish lake of mad idolatrie and most impure vanities, had a double spring. 1. Some trusting to their own powers and wayes laboured to emprove the reliques of naturall theologie, and through their naturall blindnesse, by that endeavour more corrupted it. 2dly. Others purposely and with wicked designe attempted the further corruption of it.' p. 229.

Under the first head the philosophers are included; under the second, the poets, priests, and institutors.

Philosophy is the sproutings forth of the reliques of that theologie which was concreated with the first man, and which he had in the entire state of nature amplified by the revelation of God in his workes.' 'At the first, men that contemplated God tooke paynes to erect and refine philosophie, and made it their businesse to cherish, excite, and trace out the common notions of God, and of his will, and the dictates of good and evill, upon divers accounts, so that, if possible, they might by their conduct be led to the fruition of God.' But 'the event answerd not this most worthy attempt, for the innate vanity of the mind of man did variously lead about that naturall light that man had, or rather the reliques of it, in the investigation of truth, untill it brought it into the boggs and quagmires of vaine curiosities, endlesse contentions, and unprofitable speculations, where it was almost wholly choakd and extinct,' (producing, as she remarks, nothing but the mere *formal* philosophy of Aristotle and the schools, known by the names of ethics, and metaphysics.) These pretended sciences 'have obtaind such an empire in the iudgements of the learned men every where, that they must be tenderly dealt with for feare of blowing up the learned coales, and provoking a race of eternall disputers; yet wee must have leave and liberty alsoe to examine and consider them.'

Their futility and uselessness are then argued from the consideration, that the only true end of morality is the glory of God, and the fruition of him: now not only was this end entirely lost sight of, but had it been pursued, it must have been fruitless, as 'it reduces wretched sinfull men againe under a 'covenant of workes,' besides that it was pursued at a distance from the reality of things, and was little other than a sort of abstracted game of *signs*, the acquaintance with which had about as much to do with the true business of man in the world, as a proficiency in backgammon or chess.

'The comprehension of notions and the harmony of termes, wherein the knowledge of things is artificially deliverd, rather obstructs than promotes true wisdom, since we dayly see men accurately

skilld in all definitions, devisions, distinctions, terms, and notions, wherby any science may be learnt, who have the systeme of all learning at their fingers ends, and are never so much in their owne element as when they are taken up in disputations; yet, in truth, they understand not the things they talke of, only as parrotts doe the words they are taught; but the learning of sciences renders very few of them the wiser. The vanity of mans mind is not more evident in any of them then in this science of morallity. Uniust, lascivious, debosht, wrathfull, covetous, vitious men, all are or may be endued with it, and not renderd vertuous by it. Not one true vertue is truly taught in all Aristotle's bookes to Nicomachus; nor ever did any one, by the learning of them, arrive to be just, good, or really excellent, or anie thing but a masquerading hipocrite.' p. 240.

' There is nothing vertue now, but what believers receive from the grace of the new covenant. Tis very impious so to instruct any one in the generall vertue of nature, as not equally to teach them the knowledge of supernaturall grace, and the respect it hath to Christ the Mediator, or that any one should be stirrd up to the exercise of vertuous acts, without being at the same time taught from whence he is to expect his strength for the performance of them. The nature of vertue is to be taught, duties explaind, the hate of sin and vice seriously inculcated, the practice of vertue pressd; but all this must be done with regard to Christ the Mediator, to the Holy Ghost, to the covenant of grace, and are to be done as obedience due to God. Now, he would be hissd out of the schooles, who, in explicating the morallity taught there, should fall on any mention of these things.' p. 242.

We should be happy to believe that there are no 'schooles' among us now in which *such* doctrines would be so received.

The wilful corruption of traditionary theology by the poets, is exhibited at some length by numerous references to the Greek and Latin classics, which Mrs. Hutchinson has done into English verse in a characteristic style. Near the close of this disquisition we meet with a passage which, while it displays peculiarly the simple and careless force of the writer, has, in point of sentiment, by no means ceased to be appropriate.

' I cannot but in this place take notice, how like themselves the wicked are in all times: proud wise fooles thinke nothing is to be scene which their blind misty eies cannot discern, and that there is no use of or excellency in that which they cannot reach to; so they descend to practices, and those they beleive easie, and please themselves in pageantry and painting rotten posts, and will have all religion to consist in these faire outsides. At this, how many sursingle men doe I heare talking the language of the vulgar. The misteries of the decrees and counsellis of God, of the properties and operations of the devine nature, &c. are not to be prostituted, say they that believe themselves learned, to the simple laity; it is enough for them to live honestly and charitably among one another, and obediently to their Sovereigne and their guides; it makes them mad to teach them anie thing beyond these duties, which they can comprehend. The

common people say, What doe you talke to us of religion, we pray to God, and live good lives, and hard things belong to schollars, not to us to study. All their iustice and honesty is overthrowne in one thing, if they would but consider it. Nothing is so due as the whole tendency of our whole lives, and every action of them, to the glory of God; now when wee centre in lower ends, and our good and righteous actions flow from an unrighteous spring, selfe-love and desire of ease, the greatest vertues are but appearing good. All the good wee doe can never make us good, but when by contemplating and embracing the grace of God, that hath made us good by grafting us into a good stock, then wee are capable of bringing forth good fruites;—but it is wonderfull to consider how many poore people delude themselves, and are deluded with the pursuite of a good life, before they have attained a renewd principle of life and all good actions.' p. 289.

The concluding chapter of the first book, professes to treat of the dissipation of apostatized theology, by the publication of Christianity, though in fact it is chiefly occupied with a refutation of Cardinal Bellarmine's fifteen notes of the true Church, which is here asserted to be, 'That company and community of men, who allways endeavour to please God in celebrating that worship which he himselfe hath instituted' This is, and ever was, the true Church.

Of the 'Seconde Booke of Theologie,' in which it is proposed to consider in its origin, progress, decays, and revivals, that knowledge of God which is supernatural, we have only the first three chapters. The volume closes abruptly with remarks upon Gen. iv. 26. and vi. 2 in which we find what may be called the history and description of the first *DISSENTERS*!—a term which in *one sense or another* must belong to the true worshippers of God in this evil world, till the time when he that deceiveth the nations shall be "bound with a great chain."

'When as the church was conteind in the limitts of one famely, the reformation of it was easie, by the eiection of the contumacious offender. But mankind being encreasd, and the churches pale vastly enlargd, another way was to be taken. For a multitude of offenders produces impunity and licentiousnes in offending. Therefore these words denote two things—First, that the godly did constitute select congregations for the celebration of God's worship: Secondly, that from that time they tooke up the name of the worshippers or sons of God, which they used till the next defection. Our interpreters allow both sences, for as in the text they read it, Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord, so in the margine they putt in, *To call themselves by the name of the Lord*, which implies that they seperately calld upon God in solemne worship. And that they were called by his name, worshippers or sons of God. And at that time this was the only way of reforming the church that was left them. Both the nature of the thing and right reason itselfe require the same course to be taken, when a multitude corrupt the worship of God, and obstinately persist in their wicked practises, which was the state of the church at that time: for what should they doe who

desire to preserve their consciences pure and blameless in the worship of God? shall they suffer themselves to be mixed with and corrupted by the apostate route? This seems to be contrary to their duty. Shall they cast out the apostates, and extirpate them out of the bounds of the church? But a few cannot do this to many. There is then no way left for the godly but a secession and collection into separate assemblies, and these words of the Scripture make it apparent this course was then taken. For the name of God was not then first of all profaned, that was done long before by the wicked Cainists.\* Neither, speaking absolutely, can we say that men then first began to call upon the name of God, for that had been done from the foundation of the world, all the godly having successively applied to his worship. But worship being at that time corrupted by the multitude, some certain persons, by a visible separation from the rest of the world, did solemnly among themselves perform the worship of God.—The pious Sethites, that they might preserve themselves free from the common defilement, and uphold the worship of God in the promised Mediator pure, withdrawing from the apostate route, and setting up separate congregations, were called the Sons of God. And here first the church of God stood up visibly and spontaneously separate from the world. But in process of time the ungodly Cainites, and those Sethites from whom the godly separated in that reformation in the days of Enosh, pretending as it appears a common endeavour of peace, were admitted into the fellowship of the godly by intermarriages, and other bonds of civil society, and thereby almost universally confounded all things both divine and humane. Such for the most part is the fatal issue of corruption readmitted into a church after reformation.—The sons of God were those who, from the days of Enosh, set up distinct congregations for the true worship of God, professing themselves the sons of God. Under that name they became the hate and scorn of the world. Neither ever was or ever will the world be unlike itself in this particular.' p. 346.

The name of Mrs. Hutchinson will place this volume in the hands of many persons who, but from such an inducement, would never read a work of the kind; of many who, whatever their other acquirements may be, are very slenderly informed upon the subject of religion, and very ill provided with those general principles, or that knowledge of the Bible, which might qualify them to weed out the tares, without at the same time plucking up the precious wheat. Now, we would come in upon the candid moment of such persons, if any such peruse our pages, and, if they will allow us, do them a service. They will be offended with many passages in this volume: this we cannot help. With some few expressions they will be, we think, justly offended: this offence we would endeavour to remove. We know they will be disposed to place the whole together under the ban of one of those contumelious epithets, by

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\* The sense put upon the words by some commentators.

which it is the invariable *accident* of true religion to be known in the world ; and thus they will incur a hazard of which a man should not think without an emotion of the most serious alarm, that of fortifying themselves in a prejudice against the TRUTH of GOD. We should indeed feel ourselves in the most wretched of all situations, that of being the objects of our own contempt, were we conscious at present of being actuated by an anxiety for the honour of a name, or the interests of a party ; but still more strongly would this be our case, were we to be induced by the fear of being so thought of, to recede from the occasion. But, is it not a vain attempt, to endeavour to make Bible religion other than an object of railing and contemptuous animosity, to those who do not receive it ? We are assured that it is. It is still the '*superstitio nova et malefica* ;' and the forms of it are tolerated in the world only in proportion as its true glory is obscured. Nevertheless,—we should rather say—*therefore*, let the more scrupulous care be taken to avoid unnecessary offence. But there is another consideration of great weight which bears upon our minds. The humble, sincere, doubting, distressed inquirers, as they are the principal objects of hope, should be considered as the peculiar objects of instruction. These are the persons who *shall* be brought into the right way ; and these are exactly they whose safety and comfort are placed under the protection of that thrice repeated warning : " It were better for a man that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these *little ones*." On such accounts, we would not pass an occasion on which we observe what is essentially the truth, placed in an unfavourable aspect, of endeavouring to restore to those lovely features the day-light of harmony and consistency : still remembering that the grand obstruction to the perception of this loveliness, is the disorder of the organ of vision ; and that when this disorder is healed, the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days.

That we may not unduly extend this Article, we must content ourselves with referring to the 19th and the following five pages of this volume, and to page 191, from which we have already quoted, as affording the grounds of the remarks we have to make. In these and a few other places, the points which distinguish the system called Calvinistic, are stated in a way not unusual indeed, especially at the time when Mrs. Hutchinson wrote, but still by no means satisfactory to ourselves, and in terms the most likely to occasion a stumbling at a doctrine of no small importance in the Christian system. Now, we must not be considered here as addressing ourselves to our well instructed religious readers ; we have nothing to offer on the present occasion

which is not, doubtless, perfectly familiar to their minds. We have in view those who would acknowledge themselves to have thought and read little on such matters, or to be still seeking an opinion upon them; and we would hope at least, if we do no more, to convince such persons, that there is something in the subject beyond what may be appropriately despatched by the calling of ugly and contemptuous names.

Let us then for a while banish from our minds all reference to creeds and systems; nay, let us cease to remember any of the assertions of revelation; and still further, we will, in supposition, recede as far back as we may from the centre of that sentiment which becomes us as creatures, till we stand even upon the very verge of that bottomless pit, the abyss of atheism. This we would do, because it is our most clear conviction, that not a single objection lies against the most revolting statements of the Scriptures, understood in their plain grammatical sense, which does not, with exactly equal weight, press upon every hypothesis that may be assumed, short of that frightful idea which ought scarcely to be named. When therefore objections of the kind we anticipate, are urged, we would not offend the sacred inclosure of Christianity, by the noise of a contest in which it has no *peculiar* concern; we would have our opponent forth without the walls of the city, and there, abroad upon the common field of the universe, either be made to acknowledge that there is no truth, no resting place for wretched man, or we would bring him down in the dust before the throne of the Most High, in unanswering acquiescence; or, if we could not do this, we would even drive him from stand to stand, into the very arms of the ghastly phantom whose name has just escaped our pen. Which then we ask, (let it be with reverence,) which of his attributes is it that we must deny to the Supreme Arbiter, the one and only Cause of all positive being? Is it his absolute and infallible knowledge of all existence, distinguished, alone in our narrow thought, into past, present, and to come? In a sane mind, though unaccustomed to deal with abstractions, the reflection of a moment will return all the answer which is required to such a demand. If there is, or may be, existence of which God is not the cause, or which stands in no relation to Divine causation, which is unavoidably implied in its being unknown, then we have a second independent *universe*, floating—who knows where?—beyond the bounds of *omniscience*; and which may—who shall say it may not?—one day come sweeping across the system of things known, with incalculable derangement, or absolute destruction. The distressing absurdity of such suppositions, causes a painful recollection of that depraved darkness of the human mind, which makes it sometimes necessary to give them an utterance.

Such statements can have place only in *this* world : they would be alike infinitely impertinent in heaven, or in hell. Are we then offended with the claim on the part of God, of being the source of all good ; that, as without him there could be no being, so, but for him, there could be no well-being ? But if there be any independent cause of *positive* being, or manner of being, other than God, we have two creators, two first causes. Besides, there is danger here of being blinded by a mere metaphysical artifice, of imagining the real separate existence of that which can so exist only in the mind. Such terms as good or well being, would never have been thought of, but for the necessity of expressing the absence of the other relative mode of being, which we call evil. Good, expresses a being's relation of agreement with an ultimate end ; evil, the relation of disagreement. To talk of God, therefore, as the author of being, abstractedly from all the good which belongs to its essence, is a logical solecism.

We shall however come nearer to the point of the objection in referring to the Divine apportionment of good : let us then state the matter. There is much good of which we are the involuntary recipients ; unmeasured good is presented to the pursuit of the will. But of both kinds it is as far as is conceivable from being true, that it is uniformly distributed, or equally apportioned ; and if, in the chilly region to which we have at present voluntarily retired, we may pronounce the name of *virtue*, and talk of it as the highest good, we beg it to be remarked, that in the possession of it, there is a vaster difference among men, than in the case of any inferior good. We repeat, there is no room to say, that though, in its lower sources, happiness is possessed in various degrees, the *summum bonum* is carefully meted into equal portions. It is a *fact* not at all dependent upon the testimony of revelation, that moral well being is the good of a few : it would be mere trifling for disputation sake, or affectation, to deny that many, very many are *absolutely bad* ; they possess *none* of that happiness which is derived from virtue. This difference being acknowledged, where are we to look for the cause of it ? Is the whole quantum of good cast, as it were, upon the winds, and are they the sovereign disposers of each creature's portion ? That is to say, God, though the cause of the matter of good, submits to an uncontrollable chance in the vastly more significant affair of its allotment. Or, have creatures an independent power of appropriating to themselves various portions of the common mass ? If so, whence has one creature so much more of this power, than another ? Is *this* difference from chance ? If not, we shall be to seek in *infinitum* for a cause of the difference, or be compelled to acknowledge that it has none, that it is something uncaused.

another first cause. If none of these suppositions can resist a moment's consideration, to what are we brought? What is our alternative but this, That God, uncontrolled by any consideration out of himself, parcels out to each of his creatures, all that good which the sum of its existence is to contain, and this in the way that belongs to that incommunicable and incomprehensible mode of his being, his Eternity. Now, let us translate this proposition into the phraseology of Christianity, adding to it nothing that will be thought worth a dispute if the premises be granted. 'God did, before the foundation of the world, by an infallible decree, determine the eternal salvation of all who shall finally be saved; and herein included all that grace of repentance and faith, and those good works, which are necessary parts of this salvation.'

But we shall be reminded that this is but one side of the subject, it has an affecting reverse: Evil is. Yes, and under whatever abstractions it may be attempted to disguise the fact, we are all far too well acquainted with the *thing*, long to resist the rising of a mournful contempt for such subterfuges. In the first place, then, we must caution our supposed opponent, against a practice towards which we have very frequently observed a disposition, that of endeavouring to fasten the burden of this obnoxious fact upon Christianity, if the objector be a professed infidel, or, upon some of its doctrines, if he take his stand within its pale. But with what justice is the Bible railed at, or is Calvinism railed at, because man is everywhere wicked, and wretched? As well charge all the groanings and writhings of an hospital upon the physician or the nurses. Revelation does nothing more than proffer a remedy to an acknowledged existing disease; with the addition of an authentication of the fearful forebodings of the guilty conscience. This premised, we protest against the implication of the position which we assert as the essence of Calvinism, with the ceaseless controversy—ποθεν το κακον? or with more modern controversies, relating to the final issue of evil. In most disputes, beside what is essential, there is something accidental. That which is essential to the Calvinistic question, relates to the cause of all good, and the cause of the difference in its dispensation. The points accidental and separable, refer to the origin and issue of evil, and the relation in which it stands to the Divine agency. Infidelity allows its existence, the widest creed called Christian admits its awful consequence to stretch forward into the future state. So far therefore there is no dispute. Again: The objector against Calvinism specifically, would, we suppose, declare himself loudly against any imagined aspersion of the Divine character; and would perhaps profess to ground his dislike to the system on its supposed incompatibility with the honour of God. To this

feeling, if it be consistent, we shall be the last to object; this is the very point to which we would bring the business: To God be ascribed the honour of all good; to the creature, the shame of all evil; for we *know* that it is absolutely, finally, exclusively from ourselves. In proportion as we truly hate, resist, and overcome evil, will be the strength and clearness of this most salutary conviction. But is not Calvinism chargeable with the odiousness of maintaining a Divine predestination of guilt, and consequent punishment? If by Calvinism be meant the system that may be collected from the writings of those who have most distinctly asserted the doctrine of special and infallible predestination to eternal life, we are ready, freely and frankly to avow our conviction, that many things have been advanced by this class of writers, as being in their view unavoidable consequences of the system, which are alike unauthorised by Scripture, and unsupported by philosophical principles. Feeling themselves to be resting upon a rock that shall never be shaken, while they assert the Divine foreknowledge of all things, good, and evil, and the Divine causation and special dispensation of all good, it is but a few of them who have been at all successful in detecting the inconsequence of many generally received inferences relating to the origin and issue of evil. Assured that evil in its whole extent was as infallibly known as good, many of these writers have too hastily concluded it could be so only as the subject and result of decrees and appointment. Nor have they sufficiently observed that evil, being a *negative* mode, could not, in the nature of the thing, any more than a mathematical negation, have a positive cause; (and God is alone a positive cause;) but that yet, while evil can stand *related* only to the determinations, so to speak, that is, the acts, of him who does only good, having a proper and determinable cause in the essential and inseparable negativeness of all being but the first cause, it affords exactly as solid and calculable a ground of knowledge, as the Divine appointment of good.

Thus, Mrs. Hutchinson, following the current of opinion in her time, states the matter under all this confounding of things essentially different; and we have wished to suggest a hint, (and no more can here be expected,) which, if pursued, may exhibit the often misrepresented, and often vilified doctrine, in its simplicity of derivation from the first principle of natural theology, and its complete independence of those positions which have afforded the ground of the only plausible objections with which it has ever been assailed.

Art. III. *Lalla Rookh, an Oriental Romance.* By Thomas Moore.  
8vo. pp. 398. Price 14s. Longman and Co. 1817.

WHEN an author proposes to criticise his own work, it must not be supposed that he is really to let the public into his faults. No one is obliged to criminate himself even indirectly before a British jury; and it would be hard indeed if a poor poet or novel-writer had not an analogous privilege by which to shelter himself from the mortification of becoming his own accuser. But one reason that we should not seek to the son of Parnassus for his own failings, (and it shall stand instead of the forty we could give,) is, that a million to one, he is the person least acquainted with them. Why then set up as autocritic? We frankly confess that we think the task of criticism might as well be left to us. At the same time, it must be remembered that all criticism is not vituperative, as the readers of our very lenient pages must be well aware; and though certainly it might not be *the thing* for the autocritic to allow himself the full laudatory strain in which we sometimes indulge, yet there are certain gentle hints and roundabout implications of praise by no means unbecoming or unusual, the which he may always safely employ, especially if he shew his unwillingness to praise himself by a contradictory clause of modesty. Thus, he may mention the very high opinion which *friends*, of unquestionable discretion in such matters, have formed of the work; provided he hint, however unobtrusively, that the judgement of a friend *may* be biassed, and his friends *may possibly* be mistaken. He may even give his own opinion, comparatively, and may be allowed to think the work the *least unworthy* of all that he has given to the public; or he may speak of the time and opportunities employed upon it, filling up, however, the unemphatic part of the sentence, with the remark that success is not *always* proportional to diligence. Then, difficulties overcome are so many triumphs; and the work was composed amid numerous interruptions and avocations, under the pressure of ill health, as a mere refuge from languor and low spirits, in the total absence of all books of reference, in a solitude that afforded no communication with others, in a bustle that allowed no pause for thought, in a hurry necessarily arising from a limitation of time, in short, under circumstances every way unfitting and disheartening; or the subject is entirely new, or it is hackneyed till nothing new can be said upon it, or it is so dry as not to admit the ornaments of composition, or, in fact, it is something which it displays an incredible genius ever to have attempted, begun, or carried into execution. Another method of the autocritic is a kind of *reductio ad absurdum*: to shew the excellence of the poem or the novel, he shews the absurdity of any one who can find or

fancy a fault in it; and to shew this, he puts into his critic's mouth some objection egregiously frivolous.

This last appears to be Mr. Moore's method in the prose-interludes of the poem before us;—we should say the poems, the work being a collection of stories sung by the prince of Bucharia to his betrothed Lalla Rookh, the daughter of Aurangzebe, as he conducts her, under the disguise of the minstrel Feramorz, from Delhi to Cashmere. Fadladeen, the critic, is of the princess's party, (a kind of concentration, we presume, of certain Fadladeens of the North,) from the futility of whose objections the reader is certainly led to infer the perfection of a poem which can furnish no better amusement for so renowned a dissecter of tarts and epics.

We should not hesitate to call Mr. Moore the most *elegant* poet of the age. He has not the pathos of Southey, nor the spiritedness of Scott, nor the intense feeling of Lord Byron, nor the wayward imaginings of Wordsworth, nor the strange wildness of the Ettrick Shepherd; but whatever can in any manner or measure contribute to perfect elegance and polish, he has entirely at command;—enough of natural imagery, enough of sentiment, enough of feeling, for this end, with a fancy inexhaustible in pretty combinations, and a memory full fraught with whatever is luscious in language or gentle in versification. No thought so homely but he can dress it to advantage; none so awkward but he can teach it some graceful turn.

We are aware that we have not been describing a poet of the higher order; that Mr. Moore's pretty little gilded gondola is the gayest thing in the world for a Vauxhall regatta, or a Venetian carnival, but that it could not hope to live in the heave and the swell of the mighty ocean; that, when its sail is filled with the sigh of the zephyr or the breath of fair lady's fan, it coasts merrily by sunny islets and verdant fields; but that, when the waves are high and the winds are abroad, it has nothing to do there. Still, we think that the praise we have given, is so distinctly that at which Mr. Moore has always aimed, that his greatest admirers cannot be hurt at our refusing him any higher.

Even this praise, however, we cannot give without its qualifications,—such, and so hard, are critics. In the first place, the style which Mr. Moore has chosen, is that which beyond any other is liable to cloy. Nature is infinite; art, we know, is finite; and though nature presents herself to us under a thousand forms, still, every one sees these under a very narrow set of impressions, and there is always danger lest the poet, unlimited as he is in his range, should, like the bee, which, from a whole wilderness of flowers, all of different scents

and properties, extracts ever the same sweet but cloying honey, for ever present us images and feelings of the same complexion. There is always danger of this, but abundantly more in the elegant, than in any other species of composition. Elegance implies selection, and in proportion as the bounds within which the writer confines himself, are narrower, must the objects with which he is conversant be fewer. It is surprising how frequently, notwithstanding the fecundity of fancy which we suppose few would deny the Author, how very frequently the same images recur in the work before us. We must not be frightened from justice, even though we are anticipated by Fadladeen himself in one remark upon the endless profusion of flowers and birds and dews and gems exhibited throughout the poems of Feramorz. Here are roses,—roses in every page,—a whole haram for the most voluptuous of Feramorz's *bulbuls*, and sunshine on the waters and sunshine on the leaves, with breezes in every corner and odours in every breeze, and lutes and languishment, lovers and whispers, kisses and sighs,—smiles of all meanings, and eyes of all colours, with tresses to correspond, and moonlight—we have been so surfeited with moonlight, that how long it may be before we enjoy a walk in the evening again we cannot venture to say. As to women,—verily, it is ungallant, but we are perfectly sick of

‘ Young Mirzala's blue eyes,  
Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies,  
Arouya's cheeks,’ &c. &c.

It is impossible by quotations to give the feeling that arises from the *tout-ensemble* of these elegant, yet, we had almost said, palling poems. The reader may imagine the effect likely to be produced by a succession of passages like the following.

‘ Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,  
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,  
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear  
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

‘ Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake  
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,  
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take  
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—  
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half  
shown,

And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.  
Here the music of pray'r from a minaret swells,

Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,  
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells

Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.  
Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines  
The light o'er its palaces, gardens and shrines;

When the water-falls gleam like a quick fall of stars,  
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars  
 Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet  
 From the cool, shining walks where the young people  
 meet.—

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes  
 A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,  
 Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one  
 Out of darkness, as they were just born of the Sun.  
 When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,  
 From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;  
 And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover  
 The young aspen-trees till they tremble all over.  
 When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,  
 And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,  
 Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,  
 Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world!

pp. 295—297.

Another disadvantage of Mr. Moore's style is, that it is so easily counterfeited. Grandeur of mien and beauty of countenance,—grace in the steps and heaven in the eye;—these are things not to be imitated, spite of heels and corsets, rouge and pearl-powder; but when the attraction of the muse is to consist in her dress and ornaments, then we all know that paste is cheaper than diamonds, and glass beads than pearls, and in unskilful eyes the lady may pass for a fashionable belle, in cotton velvets and gilded chains. Whether all of even Mr. Moore's diamonds are brilliants we shall presently see.

Figures, as we hinted above, are crowded almost beyond all precedent in the present volume. Some of these will doubtless be thought exceedingly beautiful.

“ Poor race of Men !” said the pitying Spirit,  
 “ Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—  
 “ Some flow rets of Eden ye still inherit,  
 “ But the trail of the Serpent is over them all !” p. 144.

‘ But nought can charm the luckless Peri;  
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—  
 Joyless she sees the sun look down  
 On that great Temple, once his own,  
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,  
 Flinging their shadows from on high,  
 Like dials, which the wizard, Time,  
 Had rais'd to count his ages by !’ p. 153.

‘ Alas—how light a cause may move  
 Dissension between hearts that love !  
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
 And sorrow but more closely tied :

That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships, that have gone down at sea,  
When heav'n was all tranquillity !' pp. 304—305.

' Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate  
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate  
In the wide world, without that only tie  
For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die ;—  
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken  
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken !' p. 22.

' Too happy days ! when, if he touch'd a flower  
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour ;  
When thou didst study him, till every tone  
And gesture and dear look became thy own,—  
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face  
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,  
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught  
With twice th' aerial sweetness it had brought !' p. 20.

' Many a fair bark that, all the day,  
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay,  
Now bounded on and gave their sails,  
Yet dripping, to the evening gales ;  
Like eagles, when the storm is done,  
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.' p. 254.

Mr. Moore is not always, indeed, so *happy* ; though we have no doubt many a fair critic of seventeen has thought the following prettinesses the sweetest things imaginable.

' There blow a thousand gentle airs,  
And each a different perfume bears,—  
As if the loveliest plants and trees  
Had vassal breezes of their own  
To watch and wait on them alone,  
And waft no other breath than theirs !' p. 234.

' Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,  
Is always pure, ev'n while it errs ;  
As sunshine, broken in the rill,  
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still !!!' p. 230.

This we take to be as remote from common sense, as from orthodoxy, and as far from being poetry as from either : but it is a *sweet pretty* image !!

' For mine is the lay that lightly floats,  
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,  
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,  
And melt in the heart as instantly !' p. 318.

How convenient for the poet this same word *melt* ! Again :

' With sudden start he turn'd  
And pointed to the distant wave,

Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd  
 Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave;  
 And fiery darts, at intervals,  
 Flew up all sparkling from the main,  
 As if each star that nightly falls,  
 Were shooting back to heaven again.' pp. 194—195.

Surely this is childish work. But we must in fairness proceed.

' But now that Shape, which had appall'd her view,  
 That Semblance—oh how terrible, if true!—  
 Which came across her frenzy's full career  
 With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,  
 As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,  
 An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,  
 And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,  
 By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep.' p. 32.

' And amply Selim quaffs of each,  
 And seems resolv'd the floods shall reach  
 His inward heart,—shedding around  
 A genial deluge, as they run,  
 That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,  
 For Love to rest his wings upon.  
 He little knew how well the boy  
 Can float upon a goblet's streams,  
 Lighting them with his smile of joy;—  
 As bards have seen him, in their dreams,  
 Down the blue Ganges laughing glide  
 Upon a rosy lotus wreath,  
 Catching new lustre from the tide  
 That with his image shone beneath.' pp. 326—327.

' The beauteous clouds, though daylight's Star  
 Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,  
 Were still with lingering glories bright,—  
 As if, to grace the gorgeous West,  
 The Spirit of departing Light  
 That eve had left his sunny vest  
 Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.  
 Never was scene so form'd for love!  
 Beneath them, waves of crystal move  
 In silent swell—heav'n glows above,  
 And their pure hearts, to transport given,  
 Swell like the wave, and glow like heav'n!' p. 254.

But we quote no more of these Della Cruscan graces, these untranslatable turns that hinge upon the twofold sense of a word, these pretty nothings. The above may suffice, we think, to shew that all Mr. Moore's glitter is not gold; and we are the more earnest in exposing the counterfeit, on the principle that the law always punishes with greater severity a crime of easier commission. They who cannot give us Mr. Moore's beauties, will give us his faults, and the beauties and the faults together

are of so seductive a kind, that we shall be inundated with roses and bad taste, Lilla's sweet smiles and the poet's simpering nonsense.

The first poem is, 'The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.' This prophet Mokanna was an impostor, purporting to be a successor of Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet. His face is always shrouded from the eyes of even his greatest favourites, by a silver veil, to conceal, ostensibly, the splendours which his followers were yet neither worthy to behold nor able to tolerate; in reality, hideousness of feature unbecoming not only a prophet, but a man. Like Catherine of Medici, Mokanna always carries with him a *cortège* of young girls,—What could our poet do without them?—the victims of his own lust, and the decoy-birds by which to attract devotees. Among the rest is one Zelica, who had been betrothed to a fond and youthful lover that war had torn from her arms, and of whose death she had since heard.

'Such was the mood in which that mission found  
Young Zelica,—that mission, which around  
The Eastern world, in every region blest  
With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,  
To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes,  
Which the Veil'd Prophet destin'd for the skies!—  
And such quick welcome as a spark receives  
Dropp'd on a bed of autumn's wither'd leaves,  
Did every tale of these enthusiasts find  
In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.  
All fire at once the madd'ning zeal she caught:—  
Elect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought;  
Predestin'd bride, in heaven's eternal dome,  
Of some brave youth—ha! durst they say "of some?"  
No—of the one, one only object.' pp. 23—24.

The poem opens with a grand pageant, planned for the purpose of receiving young Azim,

'a proselyte worth hordes  
Of cooler spirits and less practis'd swords.—

The prophet speaks, his followers applaud, his mistresses peep from their curtained baram, and in the youth Zelica recognises her own Azim. Such are the materials of the story: we shall not follow it out. It is much too *melodramatic* for our taste; all probability or consistency is sacrificed for a stare and a start. In proof of this, we shall give the means which Mokanna adopts for binding Zelica irrevocably his.

'He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,  
To the dim-charnel-house;—through all its steams  
Of damp and death, led only by those gleams  
Which foul Corruption lights, as with design  
To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine!—

And, passing on through upright ranks of Dead,  
Which to the maiden, doubly craz'd by dread,  
Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round them cast,  
'To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd—  
There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd  
And pledg'd in silence such a fearful draught,  
Such—oh! the look and taste of that red bowl  
Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul  
By a dark oath, in hell's own language fram'd,  
Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,  
While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,  
Never, by that all imprecating oath,  
In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—  
She swore, and the wide charnel echoed, "never, never!"

pp. 26—27.

In the same *striking* style is the death of Zelica. The prophet is defeated, and flies to Neksheb, taking with him this poor victim and the few of his followers that still remain to him. Here they hold out for some time; but at length

'Mokanna sees the world is his no more;—  
One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.'

He invites his followers to a banquet, poisons them, and being, though 'cruel yet merciful,' and not wishing them 'to linger,' lifts his veil and frightens them to death, then plunges into a vessel of 'burning drugs,' and leaves Zelica the only living thing within the walls. What becomes of her let the poet tell. The next morning the city is stormed, a breach effected, and the besiegers enter, Azim, of course, first.

'Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanc'd  
Forth from the ruin'd walls; and, as there glanc'd  
A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see  
The well-known Silver Veil!—" 'Tis He, 'tis He,  
"Mokanna, and alone!" they shout around;  
Young Azim from his steed springs to the ground—  
"Mine, Holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task  
"To crush yon daring wretch—'tis all I ask."  
Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,  
Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow  
And falteringly comes, till they are near;  
Then, with a bound, rushes on Azim's spear,  
And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows—  
Oh!—'tis his Zelica's life-blood that flows!"

pp. 119—120.

Azim is another instance in point, and the poet has described him so well that we shall not attempt any description of our own.

'Though few his years, the West already knows  
Young Azim's fame;—beyond th' Olympian snows,

Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,  
 O'erwhelm'd in fight and captive to the Greek,  
 He linger'd there, till peace dissolv'd his chains ;—  
 Oh ! who could, ev'n in bondage, tread the plains  
 Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise  
 Kindling within him ? who, with heart and eyes,  
 Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see  
 The shining foot-prints of her Deity,  
 Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,  
 Which mutely told her spirit had been there ?  
 Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well  
 For his soul's quiet work'd th' awakening spell ;  
 And now, returning to his own dear land,  
 Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,  
 Haunt the young heart ;—proud views of human-kind,  
 Of men to gods exalted and refin'd ;—  
 False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,  
 Where earth and heav'n but *seem*, alas, to meet !—  
 Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was rais'd  
 To right the nations, and beheld, emblaz'd  
 On the white flag Mokanna's host unfurl'd,  
 Those words of sunshine, " Freedom to the World,"  
 At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd  
 Th' inspiring summons ; every chosen blade,  
 That fought beneath that banner's sacred text,  
 Seem'd doubly edg'd, for this world and the next ;  
 And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind  
 Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,  
 In virtue's cause ;—never was soul inspir'd  
 With livelier trust in what it most desir'd,  
 Than his, th' enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale  
 With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,  
 Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,  
 Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free  
 This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,  
 And bring its primal glories back again !" pp. 13—15.

Now, what was the method most likely to confirm a young and burning proselyte like this ? Surely Mokanna hits upon the worst, when he introduces him, on the very evening of the solemnity, into a haram glowing with voluptuousness, into the very centre of ' rings and plumes and pearls,' ' illuminated ' halls,' and ' fragrant waters.' But if the scene does not suit Azim, it does Mr. Moore : he is quite at home, while the hero ' roams bewildered.'

We have not scrupled to express our undisguised opinion of ' the Veiled Prophet' : it is not a poem to our taste, but it contains beautiful passages nevertheless. The reminiscences of the girls of Mokanna's haram are very touching.

————— Some younger girls  
 Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds,

To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads ;  
 Gay creatures ! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see  
 How each prefers a garland from that tree  
 Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,  
 And the dear fields and friendships far away.  
 The maid of India, blest again to hold  
 In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,  
 Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges' flood,  
 Her little play-mates scatter'd many a bud  
 Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam  
 Just dripping from the consecrated stream ;  
 While the young Arab, haunted by the smell  
 Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell,—  
 The sweet Elcaya, and that courteous tree  
 Which bows to all who seek its canopy—  
 Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,  
 The well, the camels, and her father's tents ;  
 Sighs for the home she left with little pain,  
 And wishes ev'n its sorrows back again !' pp. 51—53.

Sir John Stevenson must do his best for the following song.

' There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,  
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long ;  
 In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,  
 To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.  
 That bower and its music I never forget,  
 But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,  
 I think—is the nightingale singing there yet ?  
 Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer ?  
 ' No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,  
 But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,  
 And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave  
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.  
 Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,  
 An essence that breathes of it many a year ;  
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,  
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer !' p. 63.

' Paradise and the Peri' is a lighter and more fanciful, but, in our conception, a much happier effort of the Author. It is not without his usual tawdriness ; but we think there is no reader, not even a critic by profession, but *must* be pleased with it.

' One morn a Peri at the gate  
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;  
 And as she listen'd to the Springs  
 Of Life within, like music flowing,  
 And caught the light upon her wings  
 Through the half-open portal glowing,  
 She wept to think her recreant race  
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place !

' " How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,  
 " Are the holy Spirits who wander there,

"Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;  
 "Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,  
 "And the stars themselves have flowers for me,  
 "One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all!" p. 133.  
 'The glorious Angel, who was keeping  
 The gates of Light, beheld her weeping:  
 And, as he nearer drew and listen'd  
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd  
 Within his eyelids, like the spray  
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies  
 On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—  
 Blooms no where but in Paradise!  
 "Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"  
 Gently he said—"One hope is thine.  
 "'Tis written in the Book of Fate,  
 "The Peri yet may be forgiven  
 "Who brings to this Eternal Gate  
 "The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!  
 "Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;—  
 "'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in!" pp. 134—135.

The poem consists of the three different attempts made by the Peri after this gift 'most dear to Heaven.' We shall leave these to the guess of our readers, contenting ourselves with two quotations from this pleasing little poem. The first is an Egyptian scene.

'Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,  
 Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,  
 Far to the South, the Peri lighted;  
 And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains  
 Of that Egyptian tide,—whose birth  
 Is hidden from the sons of earth,  
 Deep in those solitary woods,  
 Where oft the Genii of the Floods  
 Dance round the cradle of their Nile,  
 And hail the new-born Giant's smile!  
 Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,  
 Her grotts, and sepulchres of Kings,  
 The exil'd Spirit sighing roves;  
 And now hangs listening to the doves  
 In warm Rosetta's vale—now loves  
 To watch the moonlight on the wings  
 Of the white pelicans that break  
 The azure calm of Mæris' Lake.  
 'Twas a fair scene—a Land more bright  
 Never did mortal eye behold!  
 Who could have thought, that saw this night  
 Those valleys and their fruits of gold  
 Basking in heav'n's serenest light;—  
 Those groups of lovely date-trees bending

Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,  
 Like youthful maids, when sleep descending  
 Warns them to their silken beds;—  
 Those virgin lilies, all the night  
 Bathing their beauties in the lake,  
 That they may rise more fresh and bright,  
 When their beloved Sun's awake;—  
 Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem  
 The relics of a splendid dream;  
 Amid whose fairy loneliness  
 Nought but the lap-wing's cry is heard,  
 Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting  
 Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)  
 Some purple wing'd Sultana sitting  
 Upon a column, motionless  
 And glittering, like an idol-bird!" pp. 140—142.

'Who could have thought,' amid this lovely scene, the plague  
 was busy?

'Just then beneath some orange trees,  
 Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze  
 Were wantoning together, free,  
 Like age at play with infancy—  
 Beneath that fresh and springing bower,  
 Close by the Lake, she heard the moan  
 Of one who, at this silent hour,  
 Had thither stol'n to die alone.  
 One who in life, where'er he mov'd,  
 Drew after him the hearts of many;  
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,  
 Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!" pp. 144—145.

—Not 'unwept by any:' one follows him to weep for him and  
 die by him;—it is his own betrothed bride.

"Oh! let me only breathe the air,  
 "The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,  
 "And, whether on its wings it bear  
 "Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!  
 "There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall,  
 "Would that my bosom's blood were balm,  
 "And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,  
 "To give thy brow one minute's calm.  
 "Nay, turn not from me that dear face—  
 "Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—  
 "The one, the chosen one, whose place  
 "In life or death is by thy side!  
 "Think'st thou that she, whose only light,  
 "In this dim world, from thee hath shone,  
 "Could bear the long, the cheerless night,  
 "That must be hers, when thou art gone?"

" That I can live, and let thee go,  
 " Who art my life itself?—No, no—  
 " When the stem dies, the leaf that grew  
 " Out of its heart must perish too!  
 " Then turn to me, my own love turn,  
 " Before like thee I fade and burn;  
 " Cling to these yet cool lips, and share  
 " The last pure life that lingers there!"  
 She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp  
 In charnel airs or cavern-damp,  
 So quickly do his baleful sighs  
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!  
 One struggle—and his pain is past—  
 Her lover is no longer living!  
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last

Long kiss, which she expires in giving!" pp. 147—148.

The 'Fire-worshippers' is not very original in fable: A young fire-hearted, fire-worshipping Persian is in love with the daughter of the oppressor and persecutor of his nation and religion, the Arab satrap Al Hassan. We have left ourselves no room for an analysis of the story, short in comparison of the number of lines which Mr. Moore has spent upon it, as that analysis would be. The poem is too wordy.

We shall close our extracts with a pretty fantastic song from the 'Light of the Haram.'

' I know where the winged visions dwell  
 That around the night-bed play;  
 I know each herb and flowret's bell,  
 Where they hide their wings by day.  
 Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.  
 ' The image of love, that nightly flies  
 To visit the bashful maid,  
 Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs  
 Its soul, like her, in the shade.  
 The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour  
 That alights on misery's brow,  
 Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,  
 That blooms on a leafless bough.  
 Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.  
 ' The visions, that oft to worldly eyes  
 The glitter of mines unfold,  
 Inhabit the mountain-herb, that dyes  
 The tooth of the fawn like gold.  
 The phantom shapes—oh touch not them—  
 That appal the murderer's sight,

Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,  
That shrieks, when torn at night !  
Then hasten we, maid,  
To twine our braid,  
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

' The dream of the injur'd, patient mind,  
That smiles at the wrongs of men,  
Is found in the bruis'd and wounded rind  
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then !

Then hasten we, maid,  
To twine our braid,  
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.'

pp. 314—316.

Two words with Mr. Moore at parting. It is now some years since not only we, but every person of correct moral feelings, turned with disgust and abhorrence from a volume of poems 'that blurr'd the grace and blush of modesty,' and, veiling all that was licentious in thought under the utmost grace and sweetness of language, shewed more hostility to virtue, than the grossest indecency or most undisguised profaneness. Since then, we are happy to say, Mr. Moore's muse has somewhat improved in her morals, though she has rather gone off in her personal charms. Still, we confess, we have a higher and more sacred idea awakened by the name of poet, than he seems to have ; and were all poets like him, we could not but concur with Plato in banishing them from the state. It is an old quotation : ' Aut prodesse volunt ;' and assuredly never understood by its author in its highest and best and sublimest meaning. It is not by grave saws and sleepy precepts that a poet is to attempt or expect to profit his readers ; it is by the examples he portrays, by the feelings he inspires, by those high and severe imaginings of more than human excellence, those holy aspirings, those ' immortal longings' after all that is best and greatest in our nature. The lamp of the soul too often burns dim in the thick atmosphere of earth. She repairs to the altars of poetry to replenish it with light from those fires which, like the vestal flames, should be never kindled but from Heaven. Nothing should be here to soften or enervate ; nothing loose, nothing voluptuous ; nothing but what plumes the soul's ' all-too ruffled' wings, and imparts it for its native skies. Such a poet is a good poet, and a good citizen. Is Mr. Moore such a one ?

Art. IV. *A Series of Discourses on the Christian Revelation viewed in Connexion with the Modern Astronomy.* By Thomas Chalmers, D. D. Minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow. 8vo. pp. 276. Price 8s. Longman and Co., &c. 1817.

(Continued from page 219.)

**S**UCH a view of the magnitude of the Creation shews the inconceivable insignificance of this our world; insomuch, that, according to our Author's simile, its total annihilation would be no more sensible a loss to the Universe, than the falling of a leaf into a stream which carries it away, with a destruction of all its multitude of microscopic animalculæ, would be to an ample forest. Such is the importance in the Universe, of the globe which appears so wide a scene to its intelligent inhabitants, baffling by its long succession of region after region, the realizing power of their imagination;—the globe, of which the most protracted journeying life would suffice but for the survey of a very small portion;—for the ascendancy over narrow sections of which, opposed millions have, through every age, been inflamed to mutual bloodshed and extermination;—for the acquisition of little specks of which, in an appropriation through a few fleeting years, innumerable individuals are at all times toiling with an ardour which merges all other interests;—of which, in short, its transient inhabitants are seeking to make a Heaven and a God. Such, relatively to the grand whole, is the importance of this orb, and of the creatures to whom it appears so immense and interesting an object. Truly, it was reserved for the Modern Astronomy to supply an adequate commentary on our Author's text: "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

But here, instead of an humble and adoring gratitude that the Almighty *does*, nevertheless, visit man, in ways of marvellous condescension and benignity, there comes in the malignant suggestion, that our world being so trivial an object in the Creation, it is absurd to imagine that the Being who presides over it all should give such attention to this atom of existence, as the Christian religion represents him to do, and therefore the religion that so represents cannot be true.

'Is it likely, says the Infidel, that God would send his eternal Son, to die for the puny occupiers of so insignificant a province in the mighty field of his creation? Are we the befitting objects of so great and so signal an interposition? Does not the largeness of that field which astronomy lays open to the view of modern science, throw a suspicion over the truth of the Gospel history; and how shall we reconcile the greatness of that wonderful movement which was made in heaven for the redemption of fallen man, with the comparative meanness and obscurity of our species?

'Such a humble portion of the universe as ours, could never have been the object of such high and distinguishing attentions as Christianity has assigned to it. God would not have manifested himself in the flesh for the salvation of so paltry a world. The monarch of a whole continent would never move from his capital, and lay aside the splendour of royalty; and subject himself for months, or for years, to perils and poverty, and persecution; and take up his abode in some small islet of his dominions, which, though swallowed by an earthquake, could not be missed amid the glories of so wide an empire; and all this to gain the lost affections of a few families upon its surface.'

How little apprehension our Author, as a Christian advocate, felt at meeting this objection, appears from the ambitious delight with which he has dilated the view of that grandeur of the Universe, on which the objection is founded. He proceeds to the argument for silencing it, in the Second Discourse, which commences with some striking observations on the imperfect community of feeling and of intellectual perception between human beings. These are made to bear on the character of Sir Isaac Newton, in the way of representing that the generality of even cultivated men are perfectly unapprized of, and incapable of adequately estimating, some of the most important circumstances in the agency of that philosopher's mind. They look at his brilliant discoveries, and admire, in a general way, the mighty force of genius and intellect so obviously manifested in them; but have no comprehension, and from the nature of the case can have none, of that absolutely sublime self-command and self-denial which accompanied, in continual exercise, the process which resulted in so vast an extension of the dominion of science. They cannot be aware what a course and what a magnitude of achievement it was, of self-emancipation from all pre-occupying systems and notions; of calm endurance of the hostility of those who could not be so emancipated; of repression of all temerity of speculation that might have sprung from conscious power and success; of invincible coolness and persevering labour amid the dazzling disclosure of magnificent novelty; of resistance to all the beguilement of the splendid plausibilities which must often have presented their sudden fascinations to such a mind in such a career; in short, of incorruptible reason, which never lost sight of the tests of truth, nor failed to acknowledge submissively the limits to the range of the human intellect. An entire exemption from arrogance and presumption, and an invariable, inviolable fidelity to the principle of admitting nothing but solid evidence as the foundation of any part of his theories, are described as the distinctive qualities of what may be called the moral government of Newton's intellectual powers and operations. With just indignation

therefore our Author reprehends the ignorant arrogance of pretenders to philosophy, who, come into possession of Newton's grand discoveries, with an ease which might have precluded, but does not preclude, any indulgence of such an impertinent feeling as pride, avail themselves in the prosecution of other speculations, of these great conquests of science, in a spirit perfectly the reverse of that of the mighty thinker who made them : of which anti-philosophical, and anti-Newtonian spirit, one of the most remarkable samples is this argument against Christianity.

Dr. C. exposes, with great force of aggravating illustrations, the total baselessness and extravagant arrogance of the assumption that the dispensation of the Messiah does in no manner involve or affect any other tribes of beings than the human race. It must be confessed that the matter is carried somewhat to the extreme in supposing, as a parallel case, such a hardly possible absurdity as that of a man's gravely delineating, on the ground of assumptions drawn from some general analogies among the planetary worlds, a scheme of a department of the natural history,—of the botany, for instance, of some of the planets, and proceeding to the length of theorizing on the moral temperament of their inhabitants. There is some trifle less temerity in hazarding negative general assertions, than in hazarding positive specific statements, respecting the unknown economy of other worlds. The parallel holds, however, in the essential point of absolute want of all evidence, and therefore of all reasonable ground for the assertions.

‘ How do infidels know that Christianity is set up for the single benefit of this earth and its inhabitants ? How are they able to tell us that if you go to other planets the person and the religion of Jesus are there unknown ? We challenge them to the proof of this said positive announcement of theirs. We see in this objection a glaring transgression on the spirit and the maxims of that very philosophy which they profess to idolize. They have made their argument against us out of an assertion which has positively no feet to rest upon—an assertion which they have no means whatever of verifying—an assertion, the truth or the falsehood of which can only be gathered out of some supernatural message, for it lies completely beyond the range of human observation.’

Those who raised the objection were aware that, to give it full effect it was necessary the religion itself should be made accessory to its own intended humiliation ; that the Book professing to be a comprehensive revelation of its constitution, should be understood to avow, or most decidedly imply, that the pretended mediatorial economy of the Son of God, is limited exclusively to the human race. It was obvious that, unless this were understood, the hostile argument must, in every way, and every part, be founded on a pure assumption. But it is curious

to observe, how easily and unceremoniously this pre-requisite fact was taken for granted; and without, probably, one hour's impartial inquiry how the Bible does actually represent the matter, it was confidently affirmed, as a thing liable to no question, that the pretended dispensation of the Messiah is by the import of its own declaration restricted from any wider sphere than that of man and his interests.

Now, it is positively denied that the Scriptures make any such representation; it is next asserted without contradiction, that no such information has come by any *other* superhuman communication; and when it is added that there is nothing in the nature of the case to justify or countenance any such assumption, the infidel's asserted fact, from which he infers that Christianity is an imposture, is exploded away. The argument is the simplest and the shortest possible; but it is amplified with great force of imagination by Dr. Chalmers, in a series of bold suggestions of what *may* be true, as to the extent of the Christian economy, for any thing the infidel can know to the contrary.

'For any thing he can tell' [and with this precise phrase are pointed a whole quiver of assailant sentences,—no less than ten in immediate succession] 'sin has found its way into other worlds. For any thing he can tell, their people have banished themselves from communion with God. For any thing he can tell, many a visit has been made to each of them, on the subject of our common Christianity, by commissioned messengers from the throne of the Eternal, &c. &c. &c.'

And is it not about as silly as it is arrogant, in these infidels, to affect to *dictate to religion what they choose it shall be*, that they may have the greater advantage against it? It seems much of a piece with that memorable proceeding of certain of the fraternity, the decreeing death to be an eternal sleep,—which made just no difference at all in the real attributes of death, and made a difference but so much for the worse in the feelings of whoever could, in such self-betraying folly and presumption, advance the more carelessly and confidently to the encounter with that formidable power. Neither death nor religion will consent to forego its qualities in obsequiousness to the arbitrary definitions of man; nor submit to the circumscription which it might be commodious to him to impose.

The advocate of Christianity, then, confidently repels the assumption of its enemies as to the limitation of its sphere; but at the same time he is hardly less confident in the assurance that, even were the assumption conceded to them, and were it avowed by the Christian revelation that the economy therein declared, in terms importing so marvellous an intervention of Deity, does really concentrate all these glories of grace and power on man exclusively,—even then it could easily be shewn that the notion of this being so immeasurably out of all propor-

tion to the despicable insignificance of this spot of earth and its inhabitants, that it is irrational to believe it, is a notion betraying great narrowness of mind,—proud as its entertainers are of this fancied elevation of thought.

On this lower ground Dr. C. powerfully maintains the argument in the third Discourse, 'On the Extent of the Divine 'Condescension.' 'Let us,' he says, 'admit the assertion [of 'the confined scope of the Christian economy] and take a view 'of the reasoning which has been constructed upon it.' The exposure of this reasoning begins with the remark, (which expresses the essential principle and force of the whole refutation,) that this doctrine of disbelief arises entirely from the combined feebleness and arrogance of the conception entertained of the Deity. It is a conception which presumes to limit the powers of that Being, and which takes its authority to do so from the very fact of the demonstrated immensity of those powers. By practically demonstrating his ability to make and sustain a system so amazingly vast, he has demonstrated his *inability* to give a distinct and perfect attention to each part. We cannot comprehend the possibility of the combination or union of this immense generality, and this absolutely perfect particularity, of the exercise of intelligence and power,—and therefore it is impossible, even to the Supreme Mind. In other words, that Mind has been too ambitious of being the God of an indefinite multitude of worlds and races, to be a God, in the fulness and perfect exercise of the Divine attributes, to any one of them in particular. The exceedingly monstrous absurdity, as well as presumption, of thus inferring littleness from greatness, and on the very ground that that greatness is proved to be infinitely transcendent, is exhibited in its just character, and with just reprobation, in several powerful and eloquent passages, too long to be transcribed. Who can think of the subject without being confounded at the dire perversity of the human mind, that thus, instead of following forth the plain, rational indication afforded by the fact of infinite perfection evinced in one mode, to the delightful, and sublime, and adoring effect of attributing perfection in all modes, would choose to violate the clearest rules of sense in order to degrade and eclipse the glorious idea of the Divine Nature;—as if to indemnify and avenge itself for the insignificance of its own!—God shall not in *every* way infinitely surpass man, and defy his comprehension. This is the principle, Dr. C. says, of the kind of infidelity under consideration.

'To bring God to the level of our comprehension, we would clothe him in the impotency of a man. We would transfer to his wonderful mind all the imperfection of our own faculties. When we are taught by astronomy that he has millions of worlds to look after, and thus add in one direction to the glories of his character, we take

away from them in another, by saying that each of these worlds must be looked after imperfectly. The use that we make of a discovery that should heighten our every conception of God, and humble us into the sentiment that a Being of such mysterious elevation is to us unfathomable, is to sit in judgment over him, aye, and to pronounce such a judgment as degrades him, and keeps him down to the standard of our own paltry imagination! We are introduced by modern science to a multitude of other suns and other systems; and the perverse interpretation we put upon the fact that God *can* diffuse the benefits of his power and his goodness over such a variety of worlds, is, that he *cannot*, or will not bestow so much goodness on one of those worlds, as a professed revelation from Heaven has announced to us.

The argument might be authoritatively insisted upon, and without fear of rational contradiction, that the exercise of intelligence and power manifested to demonstration in maintaining the system of the amazing whole, does *necessarily* include a distinct attention to all the constituent parts, down to the minutest. For, in the most general and the simplest notion possible of that comprehensive exercise, we make it take distinct account of the great leading and immediate constituents or components of the system, with their relations and adaptations; but these have also *their* constituents, by means of which they are what they are in themselves, and what they are relatively to the whole system; and then these again, these subordinates, have *their* constituents also, with their relations and adaptations; and so downward in an indefinite gradation. Now, it is evident that, throughout this retiring series, the state or constitution of things at each further remove, must depend on the state or constitution of things at the next remoter condition of their existence; and so onward, to that state of things, whatever it is, in which created existence has its essence and its primary constitution: so that the ultimate state of things, as appearing in a perfectly constituted Universe, depends, through a long and continuously dependent gradation, on the nature and adaptations of their primary constituents. And how, therefore, can a given state of things in their ultimate constitution, be secured without a certain condition of things being maintained in the primary mode of their existence? And how can this be without the Divine inspection and power being constantly exerted on them all in that, their original mode?

But not to seek the aid of these subtleties:—It is immediately obvious that an incomparably more glorious idea is entertained of the Divinity, by conceiving of him as possessing a wisdom and a power competent, without an effort, to maintain an infinitely perfect inspection and regulation, distinctly, of all subsistences, even the minutest, comprehended in the Universe,

than by conceiving of him as only maintaining some kind of general superintendence of the system,—only general, because a perfect attention to all existences individually would be too much, it is deemed, for the capacity of even the Supreme Mind. And for the very reason that this would be the most glorious idea of him, it must be the true one. To say that we can, in the abstract, conceive of a magnitude of intelligence and power which would constitute the Deity, *if he possessed it*, a more glorious and adorable Being than he actually is, could be nothing less than flagrant impiety.

On even such general and *a priori* grounds the Preacher is authorized to meet the infidel objection by the following position :

‘That God, in addition to the bare faculty of dwelling on a multiplicity of objects at one and the same time, has this faculty in such wonderful perfection, that he can attend as fully, and provide as richly, and manifest all his attributes as illustriously, on every one of these objects, as if the rest had no existence, and no place whatever in his government or his thoughts.’

But, he insists chiefly and wisely on the strong and accumulated *proofs of fact*, that the Divine intelligence and energy are thus all-pervading and all-distinguishing. He appeals, in the first place, to the personal history of each of his hearers, and of each individual of the species, as most simple and perfect evidence that God is maintaining, literally without the smallest moment's intermission, an exercise of attention and power inconceivably minute, and complex, and as it were concentrated, on each unit. Each is conscious of a being totally distinct from all the rest; as absolutely self-centered and circumscribed an individual as if there were no other such being on earth. And thus distinct is each as an object of the Divine attention, which in a perfect manner recognises the infinite and to us mysterious difference between the greatest possible likeness and identity. But think of the prodigious multitude of these separate beings, each requiring and monopolizing a regard and action of the Divine Spirit perfectly distinct from that which each of all the others requires and engages. A mere perception of every one of the perhaps thousand millions of human beings,—a perception that should simply keep in view through every moment each individual as a separate object, and without distinguishing any particulars in the being or circumstances of that object,—would evince a magnitude and mode of intelligence quite overwhelming to reflect upon. But then consider, that each one of these distinct objects is itself what may justly be denominated a system, combined of matter and spirit, comprising a vast complexity of principles, elements, mechanism, capacities, processes, liabilities, and necessities. What an inconceivable kind

and measure, or rather magnitude beyond all measure; of sagacity, and power, and vigilance, are required to preserve *one* such being in a state of safety, and health, and intellectual sanity. But then, while the fact is before us, that so many millions are every moment so preserved, and that during thousands of years the same economy has been maintained, and that not a mortal has the smallest surmise but that it can, with perfect ease, be maintained for ages to come,—the suggestion that all this is *too much* for the Almighty, never once obtruding itself to disturb any man's tranquillity—while there is before us the practical illustration of a power combining such immense comprehension with such exquisite discrimination, how well it becomes our intellect and our humility to take upon us to decide *what* measure and manifestations of his attention such a Being may or may not confer upon one world, in a consistency of proportion with the attention which is to be perfect in its exercise on each and all!

The argument from the demonstrated perfect and continuous attention of the Divine Mind to objects comparatively insignificant, becomes indefinitely stronger when carried down to those forms of life which are brought to our knowledge by the utmost powers of the microscope. A doctrine or a disbelief founded on inference from one view of the works of God, must, to be rational, comport with the just inferences from every other. Yet those who justify their infidelity by the discoveries of the telescope, seem to have chosen to forget that there is another instrument, which has made hardly less wonderful discoveries in an opposite direction; discoveries authorizing an inference completely destructive of that made from the astronomical magnitudes. And it is very gratifying to see the lofty assumptions drawn, in a spirit as unphilosophical as irreligious, from remote systems and the immensity of the Universe, and advanced against Christianity with an air of irresistible authority,—to see them encountered and annihilated by evidences sent forth from tribes and races of beings, of which innumerable millions might pass under the intensest look of the human eye imperceptible as empty space. No need, for the discomfiture of these assailants making war in the pomp of suns and systems, of any thing even 'so gross as beetles,' or as the hornets, locusts, and flies, which were arrayed against the pagans of former ages and other regions. In all their pride they are 'crushed before' less than 'the moth,' beyond all conception less. Indeed the diminutiveness of the victorious confronters of infidel arrogance, is the grand principle of their power; insomuch that the further they decline in an attenuation apparently toward nothing, the greater is their efficiency for this controversy; and a might altogether incalculable and unlimited, for this holy service, resides in those beings of which it is no absurdity nor temerity to

assume that myriads may inhabit an atom, itself too subtle for the perception of the eye of man.

Let a reflective man, when he stands in a garden, or a meadow, or a forest, or on the margin of a pool, consider what there is within the circuit of a very few feet around him, and that too exposed to the light, and with no veil for concealment from his sight, but nevertheless invisible to him. It is certain that within that little space there are organized beings, each of marvellous construction, independent of the rest, and endowed with the mysterious principle of vitality, to the amount of a number which could not have been told by units if there could have been a man so employed from the time of Adam to this hour. Let him indulge for a moment the idea of such a perfect transformation of his faculties as that all this population should become visible to him, each and any individual being presented to his perception as a distinct object of which he could take the same full cognisance as he now can of the large living creatures around him. What a perfectly new world! What a stupendous crowd of sentient agents! What an utter solitude, in comparison, that world of living beings of which alone his senses had been competent to take any clear account before! And then let him consider, whether it be in his power, without plunging into gross absurdity, to form any other idea of the creation and separate subsistence of these beings, than that each of them is the distinct object of the attention and the power of that One Spirit in which all things subsist. Let him, lastly, extend the view to the width of the whole terrestrial field, of our mundane system, of the Universe,—with the added thought how long such a creation has existed, and is to exist!

And now, with such a view of what that Spirit is doing, has been doing through an unimaginable lapse of ages, and may do through an unbounded futurity,—is it within the possibilities of human presumption and absurdity, vast as they are, to do any thing *more* presumptuous and absurd, than to pretend to decide beforehand what is beyond the competence of the power, or out of proportion for the benevolence of that Spirit? Yes, it is within those possibilities; for the presumption and absurdity may be inconceivably aggravated by that decision being made in express and intentional contradiction to a powerful combination of evidence, that he actually *has* done a given work of signal mercy to the human race.

The topic of the infinite multitude of beings impalpable and invisible from their minuteness, attesting, in every spot of the earth, a Divine care and energy indefatigably acting on each, is vigorously illustrated and applied by our Author, who considers the infidel objection as by this time fairly disposed of. It is hardly necessary to recapitulate; but the argument stands briefly

thus: No inference drawn from the stupendous extent and magnificence of the whole creation, is of the slightest authority, unless it consists with the inferences justly to be drawn from what we know of particular parts; the antichristian inference drawn from that magnificent whole is decisively contradicted by the known facts in this particular part that we inhabit, which give such a demonstration of infinite greatness fixed in benevolent attention on indefinite littleness, while superintending the mighty aggregate of all things, as to leave no ground for a presumption that such an interposition as that affirmed by Christianity, implies too great a measure of Divine attention and action toward man, to be believed: therefore it may be believed, and authoritatively demands to be believed, *if it comes with due evidence of its own.* The whole object of the argument is to shew that the ground is perfectly clear for that evidence to come with its full appropriate force: the statement of that evidence was no part of the Author's object.

At the close of this argument, one or two considerations may deserve to be briefly adverted to. The infidels whose objection the Doctor is resisting, would never have thought of raising that objection as against that theory of Christianity which has in recent times assumed to itself, as its exclusive right, the distinction of 'rational.' And to professors of that system our Author's whole effort of argument and eloquence appears, with the exception of the display of the Modern Astronomy, little better than a piece of splendid impertinence; since there could be nothing very wonderful or mysterious in the circumstance of God's appointing and qualifying, among any race of his rational but fallible creatures, a succession of individuals, of the mere nature of that race, to be teachers of truth and patterns of moral excellence to the rest, and in distinguishing one of them by the endowment of a larger portion of light and virtue than any of the others. It is only against what we shall not hesitate to denominate the Evangelic theory, which is founded on the doctrine of a Divine incarnation and an atoning sacrifice, that the objection in question can be advanced with any serious force.

And this suggests another consideration. This being assumed as the true theory, a doubt may perhaps be raised, whether the Preacher's argument from the astonishing extent and distinctness of the attention and care exercised by the Deity on this most inconsiderable of his creatures, be available or strictly applicable; whether there be any thing so analogous between the natural and providential economy and a dispensation so signally peculiar as that of redemption, as to admit of an argument from the evidence of the one to the probability of the other. The Doctor fully assumes this analogy.

For our feeble powers of contemplating the government of the Almighty, and for facility of popular instruction, there may be an advantage in our usual mode of viewing that government as distinguished into separate departments, as of nature, providence, and grace. But we should greatly doubt whether, in a higher contemplation, this notion of separate departments would not vanish away. For if, in the first place, we endeavour to elevate our thoughts to the Divine Nature, in contemplation of any of the attributes,—the power, for instance, or the goodness,—we cannot conceive of that attribute in any other way than as a perfectly *simple* quality, than, if we may presume to apply such an expression, a homogeneous element; capable of an infinite diversity of modes of operation and degrees of manifestation, but not consisting of a combination of several distinguishable modes of the quality, each specifically applicable to a distinct department of the Divine government.

If, in the next place, we descend to the view of this world as a scene of that government, we may, on a slight general inspection, seem to distinguish several departments so dissimilar to one another, as to have but a very partial relation or mutual dependence; each existing as if chiefly for itself, and each requiring not only an appropriate mode of the operation of the Divine power or goodness, but an appropriate modification in the attributes themselves; and we shall speak accordingly, of the kingdom of Nature, Providence, and Grace. But, if we think long, and comprehensively, and deeply, these artificial and arbitrary lines of demarcation will gradually melt from sight; while instead of them there will become visible the grand lines of one vast system, lines running throughout it in all directions, evincing a perfect relation through all that we had regarded as almost independent parts; or rather evincing a *unity* of economy, consisting of an infinity of particulars combined with Divine Art. And therefore, though some of these particulars will appear prominent, by a richer luster of the Divine goodness, they will still stand in an inseparable relation to all the other particulars in which that goodness is manifested, while all these other particulars stand in a contributive connexion, and a relative value, to those richest and best.

It must follow, that it is incorrect and absurd to say, that the striking manifestations of the Divine power and goodness in a department of what we call the world of nature, are of an order so perfectly foreign to the principle of a certain other and far greater affirmed manifestation of those attributes, as to furnish no analogy by which to combat the objected improbability of that greater manifestation.

But suppose we place out of the argument, the marvellous evidences, revealed by the microscope, of the determination of

the attributes of the Infinite Spirit to the most diminutive objects, and consider only the exquisite minuteness of their unre-mitted exercise towards Man. *He*, at least, is a *system*, in which each part and circumstance is in strict relation to all the other parts and circumstances. Both from the nature of the case, and from numberless illustrations of fact, it is evident that the apparently slightest circumstances of his being and condition may have a vital connexion with the most important. There is no dissevering the human individual into independent portions, to be the subjects, respectively, of unconnected economies of Divine government. It may be assumed that God does nothing for him purely and exclusively *as an animal*, but that his whole combined nature is kept in view in the Divine management. The natural providence, if we may so call it, and the moral government, must be inseparably combined in one process, which cannot leave untouched the spiritual part. But then, it cannot be alleged that the astonishingly condescending and minute attention, which we see to be exercised by the Divine Being upon a thousand small particulars in the nature and condition of man, is an agency so foreign to the interests of his soul, that no inference can be drawn from it relative to the probability of the highest possible expedient adopted for those interests by that Being.

While, however, we think our Author is perfectly warranted in the course of argument he has pursued, it is not to be denied that in a few instances he has, inadvertently, fallen into expressions which do injustice to the surpassing *degree* and the transcendant *mode* of the manifestation of the Divine goodness as given in the great expedient of redemption. The relation prevailing through all the agencies of the Divine goodness, comports, it is unnecessary to say, with a stupendous superiority of degree in which that goodness is manifested in some parts of the government of the Almighty. One of the expressions we allude to occurs in the following passage :

‘Let such a Revelation tell me as much as it may of God letting himself down,’ (this refers to the economy of Mediation,) ‘for the benefit of one single province of his dominions, *this is no more than what I see lying scattered, in numberless examples, before me ; and running through the whole line of my recollections ; and meeting me in every walk of observation to which I can betake myself ;* and, now that the microscope has unveiled the wonders of another region, I see strewed around me, with a profusion which baffles my every attempt to comprehend it, the evidence that there is no one portion of the universe of God too minute for his notice, or too humble for the visitations of his care.’ p. 116.

We have justly ascribed such expressions to ‘inadvertency,’ for the Doctor loses no occasion for enforcing the glorious su-

premacv of the dispensation of Christ over the other illustrations of the Divine benignity ; nor can any terms be more animated than those which he has employed to this effect, in some passages of the discourse on the argument of which we have so very disproportionately enlarged.

The direct and conclusive argument against the infidel objection closes here. It rests its strength on indisputable matters of fact. And it leaves the infidel literally not an atom to stand upon ; for it animates even atoms to an implacable hostility against him.

In several succeeding Discourses the eloquent Advocate pursues his career over a much ampler but less solid ground. A very brief sketch of his interesting course must be deferred to close this too-protracted Article in our next Number.

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Art. V. *Harmonies of Nature*, By J. B. H. de St. Pierre ; being a Sequel to his *Studies of Nature*. Translated by W. Meeston, A.M. In three Volumes. With a Portrait. 8vo. pp. xxi, 1430. Price 1l. 16s. Baldwin and Co. London. 1815.

**ST. PIERRE** has added another name to the long list of men of talent and acquisition, who have rendered their abilities and attainments nearly useless, by mistaking their proper range. He applied himself to the study of Nature ; and if he could have been satisfied to tread in the steps of his precursors, to have verified their observations, and added to their store, he might have rendered essential service to science, and ranked high among Natural Historians. But the rage of systematizing, the affectation of originality, and an absurd propensity to sentimentalize where sentiment is perfectly out of place, have degraded him from the station which he might have claimed among scientific observers, to the far lower tenet of a picturesque describer and an agreeable writer. The pursuits of science are with him never truly scientific. We always feel that he is giving way to his impulses instead of chastising them to sobriety : he is the very sensualist of nature, giving himself up to enjoyment, instead of calmly calculating the safest and most economical modes of arranging and perpetuating the feast.

There is in St. Pierre a large proportion of enthusiasm, with a very slender mixture of that sound and discreet exercise of the reasoning faculty, which alone merits the name of philosophy. His eye is keen in its glance and rapid in its movements, and he paints in rich and glowing tints the objects which come within its range ; but he errs both from defect and in excess. He marks, it is true, many a minute and delicate quality ; but at the same time, he neglects perhaps another which is far more important and distinctive. He is led into this error of defect, by some

mysterious and fanciful analogy, invisible to all eyes but his own and perfectly inaccessible to the limited powers of sober and intelligible description. Hence, he is carried further, and passes forward from this deficiency of information, to excessive luxuriance of painting; he discovers and describes inexistent things with as much facility as if they were of every-day occurrence; he traces out 'contrasts' and 'harmonies,' sometimes, we admit, with great feeling and beauty, but too often with a readiness and confidence, precisely in the inverse ratio of reality. To all this must be added a very large proportion of commonplace, to which he occasionally contrives to give the air of novelty, by mere dint of twisting and distorting, to make it fit some vacant corner of his hypothesis.

His Tales are, we confess, very little to our taste. The "*Chaumiere Indienne*," with some good painting, is, in all besides, full of affectation and maukishness, and is withall very absurdly satirical, and of injurious tendency. "*Empsaël, an Episode or Dialogue, illustrative of Human Harmonies*," appended to these volumes, seems to be extremely dull, and its illustrative qualities have altogether escaped us. We guess, however, that there is some mysterious 'harmony' between the wild, fierce, and relentless hero of the tale, and the arid soil on which he pursues the chase, and some further connexion between his character and the physical condition and aspect of his favourite haunt, the City of Lions, once populous and magnificent, but now deserted except by wild beasts. It is by way of 'contrast,' we presume, but the effect is inexpressibly unpleasant, that the excellent Antony Benezet is introduced among these fictitious personages, rambling on the shores of Africa, and regulating his travels over the world 'by the course of the sun.' *Paul and Virginia* is in a better taste: there is much beauty in the scenery, and an innocence and simplicity in the unfortunate lovers, that, in the absence of higher quantities, have made their story popular.

Of the work before us our notice must be brief and desultory; it would not be practicable without a sacrifice of space and labour, for which our readers would be but little indebted to us, to follow St. Pierre analytically through the various applications of his fantastic "*Harmonies*;" we shall therefore suffer him to describe his own system without presuming to make any comment upon what we are not always acute enough to understand, and which, when we are able to snatch a glimpse of something like meaning, appears to us to be 'neither rich nor rare.'

The vegetable kingdom presents, like the other departments of Nature, what may be called thirteen harmonical relations: the first is celestial or soli-lunar; six are physical; and six moral. I use the name of soli-lunar, because the moon here exercises an influence in

conjunction with the sun. Of the six physical harmonies, three may be called elementary, viz. the aerial, the aquatic, and the terrestrial; while three may be called organized, namely, the vegetable, the animal, and the human. In the moral harmonies, we find likewise three that are elementary, the fraternal, the conjugal, and the maternal; while three are organized or social, viz. the specific, the generic, and the spheric.

‘These harmonies are marked by a progression in point of power, the second combining and augmenting the faculties of the first; the third, in like manner, those of the second, and so on till we arrive at the spherical; which is not only composed of the various faculties of species and genera, but has, by its revolution, an incessant tendency towards infinity.’ pp. 17—18.

The plant which he selects for the exemplification of his theory, is Corn, which is placed in ‘harmonic relation to the ‘sun’ by the reflection of heat on the stalk ‘by means of small ‘leaves,’ and ‘by the reflection of the ground around its ‘base.’

‘We may trace likewise *lunar* harmonies in the knots which separate the straw from the corn, and which are equal, in point of number, to the lunar months during which the growth has been going on until the formation of the ear.’

It will not be expected that we should transcribe any more of these dull reveries; and although we might extract many beautiful passages of detail tolerably free from such whimsical speculations, yet, as these are scattered throughout the volumes, and would afford very little interest in a detached form, we shall content ourselves with a general reference to the original. In some superficial remarks on the respective powers and provinces of Poetry and Painting, we find the following passage of incomparable absurdity.

‘If painting is inferior to poetry, it may proceed from our being obliged to look out for the harmonies of the different objects introduced into it; while poetry places them in a manner before our eyes. Painting, moreover, gives only the exhibition of a single event, or a single point of view; but poetry displays various scenes in succession; scenes calculated to produce lively and durable impressions. This is the reason that no painting of Poussin has called forth those tears which flow at the verses of Racine. Sculpture, although exhibiting the relieve of objects, labours under a similar disadvantage. The description of *Laocoön* in Virgil is unquestionably more affecting than the admirable piece of art which represents the unhappy father grouped along with the serpents who are devouring his children. Still it is undoubted that more time and labour were required to make the painting of the Deluge, than the most pathetic scene of *Andromaque*; or to sculpture the group of *Laocoön*, than to compose the verses of Virgil. Poetry is indebted for its advantages over painting, to the harmonies of objects which it is enabled to exhibit more

feelingly, by detaching them and expressing their modulations in succession.' pp. 261—262.

We are quite unable to make sense of this. We are not exactly acquainted with those passages of Racine which 'call forth tears,' and whatever admiration we may have felt for his exquisite versification and his dramatic purity and skill, we cannot say that we have as yet been able to discover in his productions either pathos or sublimity in their highest sense. But whatever may be our sentiments respecting Racine, we cannot repress our astonishment at the consummate ignorance or unfairness which could for one single moment refer to Poussin as a proof of the inferiority of Painting to Poetry in the expression of the Pathetic. Severe, cold, classical, lofty, Poussin, so far as our acquaintance with his productions extends, has never succeeded in touching the feelings; and pathos seems to us in perfect contrast with the principles of his style. The Laocoön is a better chosen illustration; but even there the sensation produced is rather horror than sympathy, although both are excited in a very high degree; high enough indeed to stand the comparison with Virgil's description, and judging from our own feelings, to bear away the palm. Illustrious names of artists might be cited, who have produced effects fully equal to those of the most powerful poetry; and we should not do justice to our own feelings, if we did not mention, in complete refutation of St. Pierre's criticism, Chantry's exquisite monumental composition in the present year's Exhibition. What others may have felt, we know not; but for ourselves, it was impossible to contemplate those lovely infants, in their touching simplicity and truth of form, attitude, and feature, without a pang, equalling if not surpassing any that we ever felt from the most highly wrought scene of poetical distress.

In a subsequent portion of this work, we meet with some remarks on the celebrated *Fata Morgana*, and in connexion with them, the following magnificent description, which, as it is entirely unconnected with hypothesis, we shall quote as a fair specimen of St. Pierre's talent for painting.

'One evening, about half an hour before sunset, the south-east trade wind began to fall, as generally happens at that time of day. The clouds which it drives before it in the sky, at a distance as regular as its own breeze, became thinner, while those to the westward collected into groups in the manner of a landscape. They exhibited the appearance of an extensive region consisting of high mountains, separated by deep valleys and surmounted by pyramidal rocks. On their tops and sides appeared detached mists, similar to those which arise round a real land. A long river seemed to wind through the valleys, and to fall here and there in cataracts; and the imagination was even led to conceive it to have at one place a great bridge com-

posed of half fallen arches. Groves of cocoa-trees, with habitations interspersed, seemed to rise on various spots of this aerial island. These different objects, however, were not adorned with the rich tints of purple, yellow, or emerald, so common at sun-set in these regions; this landscape was not a coloured painting, but a plain engraving, uniting the harmonies of light and shade. It exhibited a country enlightened, not by the solar rays striking in front, but by their reflection from behind. Yet so soon as the orb of day had sunk behind this aerial landscape, some of its decomposed rays were perceived to lighten the half transparent arches of the bridge with a scarlet tint, and to display their reflections in the valleys and on the summit of the rocks. Floods of light covered the contour of the landscape with beautiful yellow, and diverged in rays towards the upper sky; but the body of the clouds remained under a dark half tint, while we saw around the sides of this landscape the flash of lightning, and heard from afar the rolling of thunder. So strong was the deception, that the spectator could not forbear believing that it was a real land, at the probable distance of four or five miles. It might indeed have been a reverberation in the sky of a very distant island, the shape of which might be exhibited to us by the reflection of the clouds. Experienced seamen have repeatedly assured me that they had been deceived by similar appearances. Be that as it may, all this fantastic display of magnificence and terror, these mountains crowned with palm-trees, the storms raging on their summits, the river, the bridge, all melted away and disappeared at night-fall, as the illusions of the world vanish at the approach of death. The orb of night, the triple Hecate, which repeats by milder harmonies those of the orb of day, rose on the horizon, put an end to the dominion of light, and substituted that of shade. Soon did we see a multitude of stars of perpetual brightness shine in the bosom of darkness. Oh! if day itself is but an image of life; if the rapid hours of the dawn, of morning, of mid-day, and of evening, represent the transient epochs of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age; death may be expected to exhibit to our view, like night, a new sky and a new world. pp. 22—24.

Under the head 'Terrestrial Harmonies,' we find some interesting particulars respecting mountains, but, as usual, disfigured by a classification at once unscientific and useless. There are, it seems, according to this nomenclature, *Parasol* mountains, and mountains *Reverberating*, *Hyemal*, *Volcanic*, *Eolian*, *Hydraulic*, and *Littoral*. We are disposed to think that a very valuable and popular publication might be constructed by a judicious selection from the works of St. Pierre; some original facts and striking passages might be found for this purpose in the work before us, and many more in his *Etudes de la Nature*. The Planetary 'Harmonies' afford St. Pierre an opportunity of at once sporting his wildest theories and displaying his richest powers of description. Their produce, their inhabitants, and almost their history, seem as familiar to him as

if he had navigated the ethereal void, and touched at every star: in this his adventurous course we dare not follow him. The translation is executed with sufficient care, and appears, so far as we can judge without reference, to be faithful to the original.

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Art. VI. *Annals of the Reign of King George the Third; from its Commencement in the Year 1760, to the General Peace in the Year 1815.* By John Aikin, M. D. In Two Volumes. 8vo. Price 1l. 5s. London. Longman and Co. 1816.

THE investigation of events long past, is necessarily involved in much perplexity, arising in the greater number of instances, from defective evidence or mutilated records. It seldom happens that the historian of receded ages, has it in his power to check the errors of one statement, by the superior precision of another; to balance the deficiencies or the exaggerations of an alien or a partial testimony, by any just contemporary scale; or to follow with firm and confiding step, the leading of some living witness uninfluenced by party, passion, or vindictive feeling. Under these circumstances it becomes necessary for him to act upon an extended plan, to enlarge his inquiries, to pursue long and laborious trains of investigation, to discuss difficult problems, to sift evidence, to balance probabilities, and to state clearly for the satisfaction of his readers, the reasons which have determined his conclusions.

But when, on the other hand, the events to be narrated are recent, covered by no veil excepting that of prejudice, open to every eye, and accessible to every judgement, it is obvious that much of this labour may be spared, both as unnecessary, and as hazardous. Perhaps none of us view immediate events with an impartial spirit; we look at them not in the broad and fair light, by which an unprejudiced observer would inspect them, but we use contrivances, set them as an artist does the Figure, in a particular attitude and in managed light, and compel them to occupy some convenient place in our own system, and to *groupe* with our own hypotheses. Under these circumstances, the fairest narrator of recent transactions would incur from both sides the imputation of partiality; and unless he be strong in his conviction of the purity of his principles, and well skilled to maintain the rectitude of his decisions, he will do wisely to decline the doubtful honours of the historian, and to rest content with the humbler but surer fame of the annalist. Indeed, if all history had been written in the form of annals, much as we should lose by the disappearance of some of the brightest illustrations of the range and power of the human intellect, we are yet persuaded that much would be gained in

point of veracity and reality, even in those instances where we are usually furthest from suspecting their absence.

Here we may, perhaps, be permitted to remark, without exposing ourselves to reproof for wandering from our subject, that it has happened only in one instance, and in one particular chain of events, that a standard has been established, by whose unerring rectitude all other histories may be safely tried. And it is remarkable that the Sacred Writings, to which of course we shall be understood to refer, afford a solitary example of the union, in one record, of two opposite modes of writing history. They blend the deepest and richest philosophy of history, with the simplicity of official documents. The motive is always illustrated by the act, and the action invariably referred to the true and guiding impulse. Brief and succinct as the narrative may be, yet, in the utmost compression and rapidity of its current, it maintains a depth and *body*, never lessened, never diverted, never varying from the true direction of its course. It is impossible to read the Scriptures without being compelled to attention and thought. Independently of the stupendous prodigies by which they at once quell and excite the imagination, there is in them a richness, a pregnancy, a power, which keep the intellect in a state of continual and intense exercise. The book of Genesis, in particular, has always appeared to us a model of interesting narrative. The magnificence of its opening, the brevity and simplicity of its details, the inimitable beauty of its representations and descriptions, the importance and distinctness of its incidental elucidations, together with the magnitude and grandeur of the events which it unfolds, combine to place it in the highest order of compositions.

At the first glance, the composition of annals appears extremely easy; but a little consideration will convince us, that it is very much the reverse. It requires no mean skill and no inconsiderable practice, to make such a selection both of marking and minor facts, as to produce at once harmony and effect. It is exceedingly difficult to prevent confusion in the arrangement and intersection of events, and it requires the utmost exertion of talent at once to present transactions unbroken, and to maintain chronological sequence. Under these impressions, we felt considerable gratification at finding the respectable name of Dr. Aikin at the head of these volumes; and without meaning to affirm their perfect accuracy, and admitting the possibility that we may, among the number of events here brought into such restricted limits, have passed over statements which a closer survey might give room to question, we may venture, in general, to recommend these volumes, as well written, judiciously selected and arranged, and as altogether affording a very satisfactory view of the period to which they relate. The following

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extract, it will be seen, accords with our previous view, and is a part of Dr. Aikin's prefatory exposition of his motives for the compilation of the present work.

‘It will be manifest that the compass of these pages could not afford scope for entering into those conjectures relative to the secrets of cabinets, or those discussions concerning the plans of policy, that may be supposed to have influenced sovereigns or their ministers, which usually occupy a large space in professed histories. Perhaps, however, the utility of a historical narrative is not materially impaired by such an omission. Were it possible to attain more certainty with respect to such topics, than can come within the reach of a private person, what, in general, would be gained, except a nearer insight into a drama of life representing the play of ordinary motives upon ordinary minds—a view of the secondary movements of a machine, the main-springs of which are acting according to known and obvious laws? In reality, the great series of human affairs is directed by a chain of causes and effects of much superior potency to the efforts of individuals in any station, who, for the most part, are rather the subjects, than the rulers, of events. While men, in continued succession, under a variety of characters, probably at all times existing in nearly equal proportions, are pursuing a course influenced by their passions and interests, changes are operating in the large masses of mankind, the result of combinations of circumstances which the flux of ages has been requisite to produce. It is from the observation of these, and not from an acquaintance with court intrigues and party manœuvres, that the true philosophy of history is to be deduced; and the impartial record of leading facts is the grand desideratum for obtaining this important addition to human wisdom. Of such incidents, the period which the present work comprehends has been singularly fertile; and the intelligent reader cannot fail of drawing inferences from them, which will have more value as the product of his own reflections, than as the promptings of a writer.’

It is not necessary that we should make any further extracts from a work of this kind, nor that we should analyse that which is itself an analysis. Fidelity, distinctness, and comprehensiveness, are the main requisites of annals, and the present publication will be found to possess these qualities in a very respectable degree.

- Art. VII. 1. *The Beauty and Glory of the Primitive Church.* A Sermon delivered at Salter's Hall, at a Monthly Association of Ministers and Churches. By George Burder, Author of Village Sermons. 8vo. Price 1s. Black and Co. 1817.
2. *The Duty and Means of ascertaining the genuine Sense of the Scriptures:* delivered at a Monthly Association of Ministers and Churches. By Henry Foster Burder, M.A. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Conder. 1816.
3. *Voluntary Subjection to God, the genuine Liberty of a Rational Creature:* the Substance of a Sermon. By James Knight. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Conder. 1816.

**W**E have had frequent occasion to notice Sermons preached before this Monthly Association, as being some of the most interesting of this class of publications: the above form a valuable addition to the series.

The first, by the venerable Author of the Village Sermons, is a plain but judicious and manly comment on the account given in the second chapter of the Acts, of 'the faith, the piety, the love, the influence, and the increase' of the first Christian church. We subjoin the introductory paragraph.

'That there is much beauty and glory in that system of religion which we term Christianity, will be readily allowed by all who bear the Christian name; and that we may expect to find its greatest glory in the primitive church, will be as easily admitted by those who are acquainted with the depravity of human nature. Through the prevalence of that depravity, the best institutions among men are apt to degenerate: and their friends are frequently obliged to refer to the records of their first establishment, in order to restore them to their pristine purity and usefulness. It is not, then, to be wondered at, if the grossest corruptions should be found to have vitiated and disgraced the holy religion of the Son of God. That religion was designed to destroy the works of the devil, and to counteract all those moral evils which he was the instrument of introducing into our world; to deteriorate therefore that Divine remedy, and to render it inefficient, is precisely that policy that might be expected from the great Deceiver and Destroyer.'

The second Sermon, by the Rev. Henry Burder, is founded upon John v. 39. "Search the Scriptures," &c. After illustrating the *duty* of diligently endeavouring to ascertain the genuine sense of the Scriptures, the preacher proceeds to specify as the direct *means* to be employed for this purpose,—'the study of the Scriptures in the languages in which they were originally written;' 'the study of the entire volume of Revelation, and a comparison of its various parts;' 'an attentive consideration of the circumstances under which the several books of Scripture were written;' a judicious use of works incidentally illustrative of the contents of Scripture; a diligent investigation of 'the scope and connection of Scripture; and, lastly, 'a careful adherence to the just laws of interpretation where there

‘seems reason to suppose that the language of Scripture is figurative, or the meaning allegorical.’ These hints are highly important, and they are enforced with neatness and perspicuity. Should the Sermon fall into the hands of any persons unacquainted with the academical institutions among the Protestant Dissenters, it may be serviceable as shewing, that the unanimity and zeal the Dissenters have manifested in the circulation of the Bible without note or comment, is far from being connected with any opinions tending to disparage the use of every possible means of elucidating the contents of the sacred volume.

Mr. Knight’s Sermon is a practical illustration of those words of our Lord: “If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” There is a singular conciseness in the style, but the remarks are what, to use a quaint term, may be termed very pithy, and bear the impress of deep reflection.

‘We prize the Gospel as a *dispensation of liberty*: we have much reason to do so, if we really know and experience the liberty of the Gospel. To make us *free* was certainly the design of the Son of God; and his glory is eminently that of a Redeemer.

‘But there are professors who not only seem to confine their attention to the subject of forgiveness, and the blessedness connected with it, but, virtually, to deny that *more* is comprehended in the liberty of the Gospel!

‘They strangely overlook, or culpably refuse to regard, those numerous portions of Scripture, in which forgiveness of sins, and a cordial delight in God’s commandments, are conjointly set before us, as forming that salvation which is in Christ Jesus; much less do these professors assign to forgiveness the place which it holds in the scripture, as a blessing *subordinate* to the grace of our sanctification.

‘The most evangelical introduction and enforcement of practical godliness is too evidently a strain of preaching not grateful to their hearts. Their countenance falls, when *some texts* are announced, and looks are exchanged expressive of dissatisfied feelings. They anticipate nothing but *duty* and *bondage*, which, with them are almost convertible terms.

‘But are these the disciples of Jesus? Of Him who delivered the sermon on the mount? Is it to such a temper of mind as this, that men are redeemed with the blood of the Lamb? Can Scriptural charity believe that characters like these are “one spirit” with Him who said, “My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me?”

‘Let no man deceive you with vain words, with *clear views*, *strong faith*, or *rapturous experience*.

‘As many as are led of the spirit of God, are led into the way of his statutes and judgments. They delight in the law of God after the inward man; and, conscious of the captivity of remaining darkness and corruption, they rejoice to be instructed, admonished, reproofed, and exhorted, that they may grow in grace, and abound in the work of the Lord.’ pp. 25—26.

We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the

Preacher's closing address on the duty of Christians to approve themselves the subjects of the Most High, and the substantial friends of their species, by making it the business of their lives to promote the diffusion of the Gospel of Christ, and its effective operation, to the utmost extent of their opportunities, means, and influence.

'The world is enslaved by sin, by guilt, by corruption, by tyrannical lusts and passions. Defective and transient, scarce worthy of the name, is that liberty which is beneath the liberty of the Gospel. To make men free is the prerogative of the Son of God: we shall do nothing, if His name be lightly esteemed, if his counsels and commands be disregarded; nothing—except we be strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus.

'I mean not to say that the statesman should sleep at his post, or be negligent in his sphere: happy and honourable are they who have laboured, or are labouring for the emancipation of the degraded and oppressed; happy above the rest of their order in society, whose time, whose talents, and whose political influence are employed in loosing the bonds and breaking the fetters of ecclesiastical or civil domination.

'I mean not to oppose the spirit of that apostolic advice in its application to individuals or communities—"If thou mayest be made free use it rather."

'But this I would say; "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness" for yourself and for others: anticipate no great or lasting results from the systems of philosophers, the efforts of senators and rulers, or the combined exertions of a people, if *that instrument* be slighted, which is the *power of God unto salvation*.

'Men will not cease to hurt and destroy, to enslave their neighbours, or to wear the chains of slavery themselves, till the knowledge of Jehovah and of his Christ shall cover the earth.

'Finally, let the seed of Messiah be refreshed amidst their labours and discouragements in his service, by the prophetic discoveries of "Him who declares the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done, saying, my counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." pp. 29—31.

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Art. VIII. *The Scotch Cheap Repository Tracts*; containing Moral Tales for the Instruction of the Young. By a Society of Clergymen in Dumfries-shire. Second Edition, corrected, and greatly enlarged. 8vo. pp. 464. Price 9s. Oliphant and Co. Edinburgh.

**T**HESE Tracts are written in professed imitation of Mrs. More's admirable Cheap Repository Tracts; but they are adapted for a higher class of peasantry in point of intelligence and religious knowledge, being primarily intended by their Authors, to subserve the moral and spiritual improvement of their own parishioners. The standard by which their general composition may be judged of, is to be found in the late Mrs. Hamilton's "*Cottagers of Glenburnie*," who contributed to the pre-

sent volume, 'The History of Jean Morton.' 'The History of Maitland Smith,' was first published, in a separate form, in 1807, with the view of raising a sum to assist in supporting the unhappy family of the criminal whose life it faithfully records: it is well known, we presume, to most of our readers, as it has obtained a very extensive sale. All the tracts contained in this volume, have undergone the careful revision of the respective writers, and a considerable addition has been made to the longest tale in the Collection. 'The Cottage Fire-side,' written, we believe, by the Reverend Henry Duncan. This excellent little narrative occupies 400 pages of the volume, and will be found instructive and interesting to all classes of readers. The characters are admirably sustained in all the simplicity of nature, and the incidents, though of that every-day description which Miss Edgeworth was one of the first who ventured to select as the basis of a tale, succeed in keeping alive the reader's interest; some of the scenes, indeed, exhibit considerable powers of moral painting. Our first extract is simply illustrative of the best quality of a Tract—its usefulness.

"As we walked along, the lively hue of some wild flowers which grew by the side of our path, attracted *wee Jock's* attention, and breaking from me he ran eagerly to *pu' a posey*, as he called it. Having collected a large bunch, he returned with great exultation, and held them up for me to admire. I took one of them in my hand, and, after directing the attention of my little companions to its more minute beauties, I gravely said, "Do you know, John, who made this pretty flower?" "No," replied he, "but it was may-be daddy, for it's on his groun'." "O Jock! what nonsense!" said his sister laughing, "how could daddy make it? It just grew there." "Did it make itself then?" said I. With this question Janet was evidently puzzled. It was quite new to her, and gave rise to a train of very serious reflections. She therefore continued silent and thoughtful, for some time. In the mean while, little John, delighted with his new employment, ran on before us, pulling every flower that came in his way, till he had filled his lap, and then, with that fickleness which is so natural to childhood, he flung them all into a little stream, and pleased himself with seeing them carried down by the current. Janet still held my hand, without speaking; and, as I did not chuse to interrupt her meditations, we walked slowly on, till we came to a stile, within a few yards of her father's door, when, suddenly stopping, she said with timidity, "Tell me, uncle, does any body mak' the flowers grow?" This was exactly what I wished. I now found, that I had roused my little niece's curiosity and interested her heart, and that her mind was in a proper state for receiving a first practical lesson in religion. But I thought it better to prolong her suspense, as I hoped, thus, to give more solemnity and effect to the impression I proposed to make on her mind. Taking her, therefore, in my arms, and kissing her affectionately, "My dearest child," I said, "I am glad you have been thinking about this. Since you wish to know, I

will tell you something that I'm sure you'll be both pleased and surprised to hear. But we will go in just now.—Ask me about it after breakfast."

"I met my brother at the door, in the act of coming to seek me, and, on going in, I found my sister-in-law bustling to prepare breakfast. As soon as we were quietly seated round the table, I turned the conversation to the delightful walk I had taken, whilst they had been dozing away their time in bed. "Ah, George!" said my brother, wishing to justify himself, "It is easy for you to rise on a Sabbath morning; for you hae nae hard work to tire you through the week. For my part, I'm glad o' rest when I can get it; and ye ken the Sabbath was made to gie rest to man and beast." "True, brother," replied I, "it was so; but, you will find nothing, I suspect, in all the Bible, that gives the smallest countenance to *laziness* on any day of the week; much less, on the day which God has choosen for his own peculiar service. Do you think there is no difference between *sloth* and *rest*; or, do you suppose a strong healthy man, like you, requires to lie so late in bed, in order to recruit his strength? O John! I fear it is only those who find 'the Sabbath a weariness,' that can make such a supposition." "Indeed and atweel!" said my sister with some heat, "I'm sure naebody can say that we think the Sabbath a weariness. There's nae better gangers to the kirk, though I say't, within twenty miles, than John Ferguson and me. Neither o' us can bear to stay awa' frae't; the day's ay sae lang and dreary, whan we're obliged to stay at hame, without ought to do. But ye wad na hae us get up in the morning, and travel about the hale country side, wad ye? Deed, I think ye wad hae been better in your bed yoursel', for a' the good ye hae done." "My dearest sister," returned I mildly, "I'm sure you would not have made that observation, if you knew how I was employed." "And so, ye think it's right," replied she, "to gang staring about, on the Sabbath day, spying ferlies! That may be your religion, but, I'm sure, it's no mine. I was never learnt sic gates. If ye had been staying at hame, reading your Bible, and saying your prayers, you might hae had some reason to speak; but I like nane o' your stravagers on the Sabbath day." "I agree with you, sister," said I, taking no notice of the angry tone in which she spoke, "that it is idle, and even sinful, to go abroad merely for the purpose of *spying ferlies* on the Lord's day, and I fear there are too many guilty of this sin, not only when walking in the fields, but even when they assemble in the church of God. I would wish you, however, to make a proper distinction in this matter. The mere act of walking cannot be wicked in itself, and its propriety or impropriety must depend, on the motive from which it proceeds, and the sentiments to which it gives rise. Can you not suppose, that the mind may be as well employed, in a solitary walk amongst the beauties and wonders of the creation, as when shut up within the walls of a house." "But has na our Saviour said, 'when ye pray, enter your closet, and shut the door,' and is na this a proof that the house is the proper place for private worship." "No," answered I, "our Saviour certainly never meant to confine our private devotions to the house. If you will look at the passage, you will see that his only view was to

condemn the public and ostentatious manner in which the Pharisees offered up their petitions, *in the synagogues and corners of the streets*. Did not he, himself, set us an example of private prayer to God in the open air? Did he not, during the solemn silence of night, when all the busy thoughts of other men were sunk in sleep, often withdraw from the company of his disciples, to the lonely mountain or the retired valley, and there, whilst the moon and stars were moving in brightness, at once the proofs and emblems of the great Creator's power and glory, did he not hold communion with his heavenly Father, and pour out his soul, before the broad eye of Omniscience, in secret fervent prayer?" As I spoke these words, I felt my heart burn within me, and both my brother and sister seemed struck with astonishment, at the animation of my look and gestures, and the warmth of my language.' pp. 226—228.

The conversation about the flower is not forgotten. 'Wee 'Jock' soon after enters the room with a flower in his hand, and running up to his father, cries "Daddy, did you make this?"

"You little foolish boy, what puts that into your head?" replied my brother. "Wha made it then?" said the child. "Gang to uncle George, and he'll tell you," answered the father, unwilling to engage with a subject on which he distrusted his own judgment. Whilst this conversation was going on, my little Janet had slipped quietly behind my chair, and reminded me, in a whisper, of my promise. "Listen," said I, "to what I am going to tell your brother." Then taking Jock on my knee, I said, "Do you know that besides *this* daddy, you have another father, who is the father of every body?"—"What?" replied my little nephew, "is he daddy's father too, and mammy's and your's, and Jock Rabson's and a'." "Yes," said I, "and it was he that made that pretty flower, for he made not only every body, but every thing too in all the world." "Where does he live then?" asked he, "for I'm sure I never saw him." "You never saw him, my love," returned I, "but he sees *you*, and knows every thing you do, and say, and think." "But he does not see me e'nnow, I'm sure," replied he, looking anxiously round the room, "for he's no here." "You need not look for him," said I, smiling, "for nobody can see him; but if he were not just now in this very room, do you know that we would all die, for he keeps us alive every moment. He goes with us wherever we go, and he stays with us wherever we stay. And he is *so* good! I cannot tell you how good he is." The little boy was evidently bewildered and confounded for a few seconds. He had never heard of God before, or, at least, he had never heard him spoken of, in a manner that he could at all understand, and the idea was new and wonderful to him. In a very short time, however, the impression wore off, and he ran out of the room with as much thoughtlessness and unconcern as ever. But the case was different with my little niece. She listened to every word I spoke, with the most eager and serious attention. "Did that father make me too, uncle?" said she, after a pause, "I thought *God* made me, for the Caritchies says sae." "Yes, Janet," answered I, "your catechism says true. God did make you and every body, for God is this very Father that I am talking about." "But mammy says," returned she, "that God lives

in heaven, far aboon the skies. How can he be here too, keeping us alive, and how can he mak' the flowers grow, and how can he see us when we dinna see him?" "All this is very wonderful, Janet, and the only answer I can give you is, that it is very true. God is here, and at your grandmother's, and among the stars, and in heaven far above the skies, all in one moment.—This Bible, that you sometimes see your father and mother reading, tells us all about him, and we are sure that what it tells us is true, for it was God himself that made good men write it, and informed them what to say." "O then I wish I could read it," said Janet, eagerly, "for I would like to ken about him; but you'll may-be tell me; will you, uncle?" Most willingly, my dear girl," returned I; "but you will soon learn to read it for yourself. In the mean time we are going to prayers, and must make ready for church; so I will not tire you any more just now." "But I am not tired," answered the sweet girl, "when will you tell me more?" "Put me in mind," said I, "the first time you see I am not busy." p. 231.

The following is in a higher style.

"Does his first name begin with an R?" said I. "Yes," he answered, "they call him Robert!" I made no reply, but could not help thinking on the letters scratched on the handle of the fatal knife. From this time I kept my eye on the fellow as much as I could. He was a short stout-built man, with red hair and a ruddy complexion; but there was a fierceness in his eye, and a dark cunning in the expression of his countenance, which marked him to be "fit for treasons, stratagems, and wars." He evidently wished to be thought perfectly at his ease, and with this design he talked when every other person was inclined to be silent and serious. But I thought he over-acted his part, and I saw that his conduct attracted the notice of more people than myself, and particularly of Mr. Thomson and Mr. Johnston, though they made no observations. Wine was now handed round, but nobody tasted it except Stewart, and one or two of his drunken companions, who emptied their glasses with an air of triumph. To account for the conduct of these individuals, it may be proper to mention, that some of Mr. Thomson's parishioners agreed with Isaac in disapproving of the funeral regulations; and being headstrong and violent tempered men, had formed a party against their introduction. Amongst this number were all the loose characters who liked idleness and drunkenness.

The procession at length moved forward to the church-yard. When the ceremony of interment was over, and before any person began to retire, Mr. Thomson, standing on a grave-stone, informed the company, that it was the wish of the sheriff, that no person should be permitted to leave the church-yard, till an examination had taken place, which might serve to throw some light on this dark and horrid business. "Huzza!" cried Rob Stewart, "that's right! I'll guard the yett and let nae out." "You are saved that trouble, young man," replied Mr. Thomson, "for there are constables already posted at the gate, and none need attempt to escape. I must request every person," continued he, "to sit down on the grass in the vacant space at the north side of the church, arranged as nearly

in rows as possible. That you may not think this request unnecessary, I will explain to you the reason of it. The murderer, whoever he was, left the impression of his shoe on some new dug ground near the spot where the crime was committed. An accurate drawing of the form and dimensions of that impression has been taken by my friend Mr. Johnston and is now in my hand. Our intention is to examine the feet of all who are present, and compare their shoes with this draught, in hopes that this measure may tend to detect the guilty person." My eyes were steadily fixed on Rob Stewart during this speech, and I observed his face turn pale and red by turns. The marks of guilt were visible I thought on his countenance; but when Mr. Thompson ceased speaking, he had recovered himself sufficiently to exclaim, "What good 'ill that do? A bawder folk may hae shoon o' the same size, and may-be o' the same shape too. It may mak innocent folk suspected, and sae for my pairt I winna consent till't. Come let us be off, lads." As he spoke he pulled some of his companions by the arm, and turned towards the gate with the intention of making his escape. "The first man that leaves the church-yard before he is examined," cried Mr. Johnston, "will be taken up as a suspected person, and committed to jail. I have the authority of the sheriff for saying so." A murmur of approbation succeeded this speech, and Stewart turned back intimidated, and seated himself on a grave-stone at a little distance, folding his arms across his breast, and kicking his heels against one of the feet of the stone, that he might appear very much at his ease. As soon as silence was obtained, Mr. Thomson, in a few simple words, refuted Stewart's objections, and, at the same time, held up to public view Mr. Johnston's drawing of the footstep, to convince the people that there was something so remarkably peculiar in its shape, there could be little doubt of finding out the person to whom it belonged by the means proposed. Every one seemed now eager to have his shoes examined, and hastened to seat himself on the grass. Two shoemakers were employed to take the measurement, and Mr. Johnston accompanied them with the drawing in his hand. Stewart had placed himself in the middle of the crowd, and I saw him make one or two unsuccessful attempts to shift his seat, so as to escape examination. When at last his turn came, his colour suddenly changed to a deadly pale, and with a horrid groan he fell senseless on the ground. He was restored by the application of some water which was quickly procured, and looking wildly round him he exclaimed, "You cannot say that I did it! It was dark—who saw me?" "God Almighty saw you, unhappy young man!" said Mr. Johnston, in a tone which thrilled through my heart; for he had now taken the dimensions of Stewart's shoe, and found that it corresponded in every particular to the copy he had drawn. The murderer, for I had now no doubt that this was he, having recovered his strength, started up on his feet, and drawing a sharp pointed knife from his pocket, threatened to stab to the heart the first man that laid hands on him. He then made a desperate spring, and before any person had sufficient presence of mind to prevent him, reached the church yard wall, which he cleared without diffi-

culty, but losing his balance when he reached the other side, he stumbled forward, and fell on the point of the knife. He was now secured, and as he was losing much blood, he was conveyed to the manse, which happened to be the nearest house; the surgeon who was present, attending him for the purpose of dressing his wound. The knife had entered the bowels and had made a dangerous wound, which the surgeon immediately pronounced likely to prove mortal. The unfortunate wretch overheard the opinion of the surgeon, and cried out with a savage joy, which filled every person present with horror, "Then I'll disappoint the law yet—If I could na mak my escape ae way, I'll do it in another. Sleep! sleep! they say it's a sleep." "Alas! young man," said Mr. Thomson, shuddering as he spoke, "in that sleep there are awful dreams to the wicked. Dreams! do I say? they are horrible realities. God grant that you may not find——" "It's a lie!" interrupted he with a dreadful oath, "I'll no believe it—sae ye need na preach to me." Mr. Thomson finding he could do no good by continuing the conversation left the room.' pp. 270—273.

The following domestic scene will supply hints to many who are above the condition of George Ferguson and his Jean, but whose children are 'aboorn their foot.'

"My brother, finding his voice begin to falter, abruptly ended the prayer, and sent the young ones to bed. "Your voice and manner in prayer are so like our father's," said I, when I had a little recovered myself. "Ah!" replied he, "I wish I were like him in other respects. I often blush, my dear George, to think how ill I fill his place. Every thing gaed on like clock wark wi' him, and he was never hurried, nor put out o' his way. Even his very bairns ken'd their ain place without being tell'd, and watched his looks to see what he wanted. Alas! I'll never be like him. I am sure," added he, after a pause, "you will think my bairns an unruly set, You and I, George, durst nae mair hae behaved to our father as they do to me—They'll scarcely do ought that I bid them. I hae to speak to them ten times before they'll move a step; and I'm sure they canna say it's because I use them ill." "Na, but John," said his wife, with some heat, "ye maunna talk in that way. Our bairns, poor things, are nae war than their neighbours. Indeed and atweel! what can ye expect o' young witless things? Ye wad na hae an auld head on young shoulders, wad ye?" "But, my dear Jean," said my brother, "it was sae different in our father's time wi' George and me. We wad as soon hae put our head in the fire, as hae said so much as *what for*, when he bade us do any thing. I never thought sae meikle about it till this moment. There maun be something wrang." "Well! well!" exclaimed I, rejoiced to find my brother in this humour, but not wishing to enter into an altercation with his wife, "should there be any thing wrong, it is not yet, I hope, too late to correct it."

"But my bairns," said the fond father; "I doubt what I said about them yesternight, will mak' you think them unco misleard. But they're no sae ill as I said. To be sure they're no sae fear'd

for me, as we used to be for our father; but where will you meet wi' bairns brought up sae weel as we were?" "Where, indeed!" returned I, whilst I felt the tear of gratitude and filial affection starting into my eye; "but, John, I don't think you do our father justice when you say we used to be afraid of him. He was not a tyrant that we should have feared him: he was our friend, our instructor, and our guide. He did not drive us with the lash of authority; he gently drew us by the cords of love: and you know *perfect love casteth out fear*." "Very true," answered my brother; "I was wrang when I said we were fear'd for our father, for I never ken'd ony body I liked half sae weel, except my wife, nor ony body I could tell o' the thoughts o' my mind sae easily to; but still there was something, I ken na what, that made me rin whenever he bade me, and like to do whatever he wished, though I had never sae great an aversion to it naturally." "You have exactly expressed my feelings," replied I; "and these are the sentiments that every child will have for his parents, if there is not some fault in his education. "I dinna ken" said he; "I think there's a difference in the nature o' bairns." "Nobody can deny that," said I, "but all children can be managed." "I wish you would tak' an' manage mine then," replied he, half angry and half in earnest, "for I'm sure they're aboon my foot." "Let me first observe their dispositions," answered I, "and the way you treat them, and I will try what can be done."

The distress of the poor mother when her son George is brought home apparently drowned, is finely—we were going to say imagined, but the impression on the reader's mind is, that the Author has no other merit than that of relating what actually took place within his observation.

"Finding the door locked, however, "He is dead! he is dead!" exclaimed my sister with a shriek of despair; "ye need na try to hide it: I ken the warst! Open the door, O open the door, and let me see my poor drowned boy ance mair." "O, Mrs Ferguson," cried the minister, for I was too much affected to speak, "do endeavour to command yourself. We have hopes of your son's recovery; but do not attempt to come in just now, otherwise you will spoil all, and may have to reproach yourself with being the cause of his death. Go into the house for a few minutes, and your brother will let you know, the moment any alteration takes place." "My brother!" said she, "where is my brother? what for does he no speak! If he speaks I will believe him." "O George," cried my brother, "speak for mercy's sake! are you sure he is na dead! are you sure he'll live?" "My dearest brother," replied I, commanding myself as well as I was able, "I am here doing every thing I can for your poor boy, and, I trust in God, all will yet be well; but if you wish to save him do not disturb us, for this is a critical moment." "O I am calm! I am perfectly calm!" said my sister, in a tone of voice which made me tremble for her reason, "but make haste, for my brain is turning round." These words were succeeded by a faint scream, and immediately after, I heard her stagger backwards, and fall to the ground. "O God!" exclaimed my brother wildly; "must I lose her too! this is too much." p. 242.

The means used for his resuscitation, (which, with great propriety are specified with the most accurate minuteness, agreeably to the directions of Dr. Cullen,) are at length successful. They attempt to dissuade the mother from remaining with him in his present exhausted state. She bursts out in passionate emotion, throwing herself at the same time on the bed:

"How can I leave you, my darling boy. They shall not tear me from you—I'll sit by your bed as you sleep, and hearken to every breath you draw. Nae body can watch like a mother; I ha'e often watched by your cradle, when you were owre young to thank me, and wha shall prevent me now. You wad na wish me to leave you, my dear bairn? wad he?" "O no mother," replied George feebly, "I'll sleep better if you're near me." "I kent it! I was sure o't!" exclaimed my sister, whilst tears for the first time found a passage down her cheeks.' p. 246.

We are glad to hear that this tale is separately published. The length of the extracts which we have been led to make from this portion of the volume, precludes our entering upon any particular account of its remaining contents. All further recommendation of this interesting volume would be superfluous.

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Art. IX. *Alpha and Omega; or a Minister's closing Address: a Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of St. Mary, Stafford, on Sunday, Aug. 31st, 1817. By the Rev. Joseph Maude, M.A. Assistant Preacher, at St. Mary's Stafford, and late of Queen's College. Oxford. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. 1817.*

THE impression produced by this Sermon on the auditory, if it was delivered in a manner at all corresponding with the earnestness and pathos which characterize the composition, must have been very striking and effective. We have no knowledge of the preacher; but our attention was arrested by the opening paragraph. The text is Rev. xxi. 6. "And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha, and Omega," &c.

'Who have most need of mercy? Ministers who preach the Gospel, or the people to whom that Gospel is preached? In his own perception, every true minister, and every true Christian will feel, and be ready to acknowledge, that he, of all others, is most dependent upon this attribute of the Godhead for his present and eternal welfare. But have not ministers *peculiar* need of mercy? The Apostle Paul, when addressing himself to collective bodies of Christians; to the Romans, the Corinthians, the Galatians, and to other churches, uniformly salutes them with those two special blessings, *Grace and Peace*: "Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ." But when writing to those eminent ministers of Christ, Timothy and Titus, there is an observable difference in his mode of salutation. To *Grace and Peace* he also adds *Mercy*: "Unto Timothy, my own son in the faith: grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father, and Jesus Christ our Lord."

It is not imagined that any *essential* difference is hereby intended; inasmuch as *private Christians* have need of mercy, as well as their *spiritual Instructors*; and we also know that *Mercy* is comprehended under the other two expressions of *Grace* and *Peace*. But we may, perhaps, be allowed to gather thus much from the peculiarity of the apostolic salutation, that ministers of religion, *above all* other persons whatever, have *need of mercy*. They are placed in situations of greater responsibility; they are generally favoured with superior advantages in *knowing* and *doing* the will of God; and are therefore under greater obligations to live unto God, and for the benefit of their people. If they sin, they sin against greater light and knowledge; and their guilt is marked with a deeper stain. If they fail in their duty, the consequences are *more than ordinarily awful*. Being responsible, in a sense, for the souls of those to whom they are sent, any deficiencies in them, especially such as materially affect their ministerial character; any defect in their instructions; any delinquencies in their pastoral life, involve *not only their own souls* in correspondent danger, but *the souls of their people*. The flock may suffer through the ignorance and wanderings, and finally perish through the heedlessness of the shepherd.

‘How far this peculiar need of mercy, in the case of ministers of the Gospel, might enter the Apostle’s mind, we cannot determine; only such may be the intimation. And, Brethren, I believe I can with truth affirm, that it is with correspondent feelings I stand up, this day, before you, and before God.’ pp. 5, 6, 7.

Independently of any circumstances of local interest, the whole Sermon is of a superior order, and will be read with great satisfaction. As an affectionate appeal of the Christian minister to his people, it is well adapted to come home to every man’s bosom. There is something very impressive in the use which is made of the words chosen for the text.

‘If, Brethren, such enquiries so press upon us, and appear so serious in reference to the close of my ministry amongst you, what an additional degree of importance do they acquire in our view, when contemplated in reference to that time, to which we are all gradually and surely hastening, when the tongue now speaking shall be silent in the dust, and your own bodies shall be consigned to the tomb. O how strangely soon may it be said of the *life* of him who speaks, and of the *life* of you who hear, *It is done!* What will then be most important to us, and to our surviving friends? Whether we *lived*, and whether we *died* in Christ. Whether Christ be *our* Saviour—Whether he be our *Alpha* and *Omega*.

Again, after death shall have closed our eyes upon all our earthly prospects, and all our earthly plans; and when of that *Judgment*, which shall eventually take place, it may also be said, *It is done*; when the issue of it shall be fully known, and fully felt, in the respective sentences passed upon the righteous and the wicked; O how momentous the thought! What is *our* sentence—What is *our* place—What is *our* portion? If now we *begin* with Christ we shall then have our *end* with him. If he be now our *Alpha*, he will then be our *Omega*.

‘ Lastly, when it shall be said of Christ’s mediatorial kingdom. *It is done* ; when, as Mediator, he shall have accomplished all the will of God ; and the misery of the wicked, and the blessedness of the righteous shall have been publicly developed ; when the church of the redeemed shall shout, *Alleluia !* and the Angels round about the throne, in admiring praise, shall respond, *Amen* ; O how awful is the consideration ! What will then be our *thoughts*, our *views*, our *feelings*, our *state*, our *eternity* ? That such a crisis is on the approach, we are assured—“ Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up “ the kingdom to God, even the Father.” The mediatorial kingdom of Christ, in which every thing pertaining to his Church and people was committed to his rule and government, having answered its designed end, shall come to its close. It shall be delivered up to the Father by the Son. “ And when all things shall be subdued unto “ him, then shall the Son also himself,” *as Man and Mediator*, “ be “ subject unto him that put all things under him, that God,” Father, Son, and Spirit, “ may be all in all.” p. 25.

Art. X. *Poems*. By Miss D. P. Campbell, of Zetland. 12mo. pp. 226. Price 10s. 6d. Baldwin and Co. 1816.

**T**HESE poems appear to have been written under the genuine inspiration of sorrow. The Author alludes, in a modest Introduction, to circumstances of severe calamity, and to the deprivation of the advantages attached to happier situations of life, as having attended their composition ; and she ventures to hope that ‘ having no ambition to gratify, and no presumption to answer for, the eye of criticism will be lenient in ‘ its judgement and sparing in its scrutiny.’ This appeal to our best feelings would have secured our silence had we found nothing in the volume which deserved our praise ; but let the following stanzas, in which the deep tones of the heart are so plainly distinguishable, speak for the Author in the irresistible eloquence of nature.

‘ TO AN OLD MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

‘ While some, of their fictitious lyres,  
A mournful farewell take,  
Deep tones of sorrow from thy wires,  
My trembling fingers wake :  
What though thy tones were wild and rude  
Yet oft they pleas’d mine ear,  
They charm’d my hours of solitude,  
And sweeten’d ev’ry tear !  
Partner of many a lonely hour,  
And soother of its pain,  
Farewell !—thy soft consoling pow’r  
Shall never charm again !  
Then fare-thee-well !—for we must part,—  
A lighter hand, a gayer heart  
May wake thy notes with better skill ;—

With more of music's melting art,  
A sadder never will!' p. 226.

Possibly to some of our readers the image of a young poetess,

'—— A lone wand'rer of the Northern isles,  
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main—'

may present itself as a vision of romance, and her simple strains may seem to come with wild and unearthly music from some sea-beat isle where storms have their home, and sea-gulls scream, and spirits resort, and mermaids sing the fisherman's requiem. How far the realities of lonely sorrow might prove from answering to this picture, it is only painful to surmise. The circumstances under which these poems were written, certainly impart a picturesque character to many of them, which is considerably aided by the references to surrounding scenery. By this means they will not fail to excite the imagination of a reader of kindly feeling, who, surrendering himself to the romantic illusion, is content to listen to the artless strains of 'untutored nature's child.' There is something very pleasing in the following stanzas which occur in the 'Address to Zetland.'

' Oh! Laxford, dear! thy barren hills  
Fond mem'ry still must love;  
To thee my wand'ring fancy turns,  
Where'er my footsteps rove.

' Oh! scenes by happy childhood bless'd,  
When grief was all unknown—  
But dearer now, and treasur'd more,  
Your joys for ever flown.'

' I dream'd not that a fairer spot  
On earth's broad bosom lay;  
Nor ever wish'd my wand'ring feet  
Beyond its bounds to stray.

' And when I read of fairer fields  
Beyond the northern main;  
And tow'ring trees, whose leafy arms  
Spread o'er the flow'ry plain;

' Of rivers, through the verdant vale  
Meandering smooth and clear;  
Or where cascades their torrents dash  
O'er precipices drear:

' I read—and fancy cloth'd thy steps  
With darkling groves of pine;  
Bright bloom'd thy flow'rs, smooth flow'd thy streams,  
And ev'ry charm was thine.

' Soft on the weedy sea-beach stole  
The wave with murmur low;  
And o'er the undulating tide  
Serenely zephyrs blow.

- ' And there the moon, in radiance pale,  
 Her mildest lustre threw ;  
 Silv'ring the rocks of Tuinna-taing,  
 And Ocean's bosom blue.  
 ' The fields of Hammerslain were gay  
 With flow'rs of simple dye ;  
 And primrose there and daisy bloom'd  
 Beneath a brighter sky.  
 ' Oh, Laxford ! once my happy home,  
 Farewell thy rocky shore !  
 The wand'rer that has fled from thee  
 Returns, alas ! no more.  
 ' Oh ! Hammerslain's romantic fields,  
 Take, take my last farewell !—  
 Another now shall rove your banks,  
 And in Scott's-Hall shall dwell ;  
 ' Another now shall nurse the flow'rs  
 I rear'd with anxious care ;  
 Another range the sandy beach,  
 And cull the sea-shells there.  
 ' Another, by the burn reclin'd,  
 O'er some sad tale shall weep ;  
 Or list'ning to its murm'ring voice,  
 Be softly lull'd to sleep.  
 ' Another now by Severspool  
 At purple dawn shall stray,  
 And on the mossy ward-hill mark  
 The sportive lambkins play.  
 ' Farewell, ye scenes of dear delight,  
 A long, a last adieu !  
 For never more your distant charms  
 These aching eyes shall view.  
 ' And, Laxford ! thou my once lov'd home,  
 A long farewell to thee—  
 The blissful hour of sweet return  
 Shall never smile on me !  
 ' Yet mem'ry oft with pious tear,  
 As changing seasons roll,  
 Shall consecrate thy parted joys,  
 And bind thee to my soul.' pp. 106—108.

In a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems*, there must be exhibited considerable inequality of merit, but there is a strain of genuine feeling throughout these simple productions, which cannot fail, we think, of beguiling the reader's sympathy, and some of the pieces display a very elegant mind and a cultivated fancy.

'The Zetland Fisherman' will please as a characteristic descriptive ballad ; 'The Fairy of the Wood,' is a beautiful little legend ; but we select the following as being, we think, worthy to rank with some of the best of our old English ballads in sim-

plicity and pathos; a description of poetry which is adapted after all to take the strongest hold upon the mind.

‘ THE SOLDIER’S WIDOW

AT THE GRAVE OF HER ONLY CHILD.

‘ “ In vain for me may summer’s glow  
Make blooming nature smile ;  
In vain may all the charms of spring  
Adorn our happy isle ;

‘ In vain for me may zephyrs kiss  
The lily’s spotless breast ;  
In vain for me the blushing rose  
In beauty’s garb be dress’d ;

‘ In vain for me may pebbly brooks  
And winding streamlets run ;  
In vain for me the rising morn,  
In vain the setting sun.

‘ My world is yonder little grave,  
My all its narrow space ;  
My only child reposes there,  
Lock’d in Death’s cold embrace.

‘ Yet peace is thine, sweet innocent !  
By care nor grief oppress’d ;  
Thou sleep’st regardless of the pangs  
That rend thy mother’s breast.

‘ Unconscious babe ! I would not wish  
Thy deep repose to break ;  
Better in peace to slumber there,  
Than like thy mother wake.

‘ Sleep on, sleep on, my darling babe !  
Till Heav’n’s resistless voice  
Shall rouse the slumb’rers of the tomb,  
And bid thy soul rejoice.

‘ Sweet child ! thine infant eyes had scarce  
Beheld life’s op’ning dawn,  
Than thou wert fatherless, and I  
A widow left forlorn.

‘ Nor e’en the last sad grief was giv’n,  
His dying form to see ;  
He fell upon a foreign shore,  
Unwept by all but me.

‘ Henry ! thy nature suited ill  
The battle’s stormy rage—  
Then wherefore go, my only love,  
The bloody war to wage !

‘ How happier I, didst thou repose  
Beside our infant son,  
Than buried thus in field of strife,  
Where bloody deeds were done.

'But, ah! to heav'n's eternal throne  
My ceaseless pray'r shall rise,  
That yet our parted souls may meet  
In yonder blissful skies."

'She paus'd—for now the glimm'ring east  
Disturb'd the friendly gloom;  
Then slowly sought with bleeding heart  
Her chang'd and cheerless home.' pp. 53—5.

The lines 'To an Hypocrite,' are vigorous and pointed, and as a varied specimen of Miss Campbell's abilities, we cannot, in justice, withhold them from our readers.

• TO AN HYPOCRITE.

'Thy heart is hard—thou hast no tear  
Like that which drops from Pity's eye,  
Her angel voice was never dear,  
Nor can thy bosom heave the sigh,  
The tender sigh! for other's anguish,—  
Then, haste thee—to thy pleasures fly,  
And leave me here in grief to languish.

'Yet, thou hast said—perhaps hast sworn—  
Thy soul was tenderness and truth!  
Go, Hypocrite! thou canst not mourn  
O'er a bruis'd heart, and blighted youth,  
With'ring away with grief and sorrow!  
Or, if thou dost, I fear, in sooth,  
'Tis but the semblance thou dost borrow.

'Yet thou canst talk, oh, wond'rous well!  
Of sympathy and feeling too;  
And bid thy changeful bosom swell  
With pity that it never knew,  
And seem all tenderness and passion!  
Yes! to thy baser nature true,  
Thou weep'st, and why?—it is the fashion!' pp. 151.

We think that these extracts will supersede the necessity of our entering upon any critical estimate, or adding any formal recommendation of this unassuming volume. If they have succeeded in making a favourable impression on the reader, we may then state, what it would be otherwise unavailing to mention, that the motive which has led to its publication is no other than the 'hope of alleviating the many and deep distresses which the untimely death of an affectionate parent has entailed upon his afflicted family;' in particular, to enable the Author, besides contributing to the relief of her distressed mother, to educate a younger brother and sister, who have been long wholly dependent on her exertions for their support. The volume is dedicated by permission to Walter Scott.

Art. XI. *Journal of a Tour in Germany, Sweden, Russia, Poland:* during the Years 1813 and 1814. By J. T. James, Esq. Student of Christ Church, Oxford. 4to. pp. viii—528. Price 3*l.* 3*s.* Murray, 1816. (Second Edition since published, in 2 Vols. 8vo.)

**T**HIS is a highly interesting and well-written work, containing a great deal of valuable information and sensible remark, and displaying a very considerable proficiency in 'the habit of rightly conducting inquiry', without which a traveller may see and hear an infinity of things, and return without gaining any accession to his knowledge. The period at which Mr. James visited the Continent, was a very critical one; and not the least interesting portion of his work is that which relates to the memorable campaign of 1813. In the month of August in that year, he arrived at the confines of the Brandenburg territory, which he describes as exhibiting the silence and solitude of a deserted land; not a man capable of bearing arms to be seen, the village cross and well forsaken, the corn standing ripe for the sickle, but only a few groups of old people, women, and children, to be seen in the fields. All trade, domestic as well as foreign, was throughout Prussia completely at a stand, commercial confidence extinguished, heavy forced loans levied on every individual, the plate of the palace melted down, immense foreign armies in the heart of the country, and the chief fortresses in the possession of the enemy; such was the aspect of the country when Mr. James visited Berlin; such are some of the realities of war. The enthusiasm of the people was however at its height; their feelings of implacable hostility to the French only waited for the decision of their king, to be developed as the general sentiment of the nation. Moreau was at Berlin, confident of ultimate success: 'tout est assommé,' was his language. Blucher, the idol of the army, was once more at the head of his *children*. Mr. James gives a very characteristic speech of the veteran to some battalions which, exhausted by fatigue, had halted, declaring themselves unable to proceed.

"Are you wearied, my children? Are you drenched with rain? Are you pressed by hunger? And am not I, in my old age, subjected to all these sufferings alike with every man amongst you? But the enemies of my king are in the land, and I have sworn to take no rest—follow me." They instantly rose as if his words had wrought a miracle on their jaded bodies.

This enthusiasm has had its vent, but not its reward. It is painful to reflect how little has been gained by 'the deliverance of Europe.' At a time when even Englishmen are to be found who speak of liberty and popular rights as mere phantoms; we are glad to meet with such sentiments as the following, in a writer who will not be charged with any tendency to Jacobinism.

'The Prussians are a people, if properly treated, neither factious nor designing; yet the unfortunate policy of the court, so long persisted in, have produced the germs of parties that may one day or other be of dangerous consequence to the welfare of the country. A despotism is a primitive form of government, injurious ever to itself or its neighbours, which ought to be disavowed among the more enlightened nations of Europe, in such an era as the present. But views of a higher nature than the rights and interests of a single nation, seem to require that in a large portion of the European continent certain changes should be made. The public weal of Europe demands that Germany should be free: if she is not to lie at the mercy of the first conqueror that appears on the stage of the world, whether from the east or the west, her sovereigns must be supported in the day of trial by the powers and energies of a free people, without which the colossal bulwarks that modern policy has sought to raise for her protection, will stand forward but to expose the more their real impotence. Had Prussia been blest with a representative system, had the feelings of the country been consulted, she would long since have decided, at a single blow, that war in which Europe was now engaged for the sixth time. Had Austria been so constituted, had a proper spirit of inquiry and activity thoroughly cleansed and purged the several parts of her political frame, that country, possessing the greatest national resources, and the finest troops in the world, would not have had to lament the fatal reverses that have arisen from a disorganized government, administered by the hand of imbecility. A pure monarchy is found weakest in a defensive war. Buonaparte well calculated the difference of persuading a people, and cajoling or frightening their prince.'

Mr. James represents the character of Bernadotte in a very favourable light. It seems that what contributed as much as his acknowledged military talents, to recommend him to the unanimous choice of the four Houses of Diet, were his lenity and humanity in the administration of the district entrusted to his charge by Bonaparte, which had led to his removal. He had, moreover, become acquainted with Generals Essen and Wrede, and other Swedish officers of distinction, at the capture of Lubeck, on which occasion he exerted his influence with Bonaparte to procure an armistice for the troops. It was a French faction, it is true, that introduced him to Sweden; but so far was Bonaparte from having any influence on either the wishes of the party or the decision of the election, that he at one time refused his permission to the Marshal to accept the offer of the Swedes, because Bernadotte was unwilling to pledge himself on the subject of the continental system; and he consented at last with reluctance. The Marshal had incurred his displeasure at Wagram, and had ever since been left unemployed; he was therefore, as Mr. James remarks, the last person on whom 'the king-maker' would have wished to confer this dignity.

Bernadotte solicited, and with some difficulty obtained the

introduction of the French Conscription, esteeming it a measure of essential importance in establishing the independence of Sweden; but Mr. James asserts, that its operation in that country is by no means oppressive; the law being in fact a constitutional victory over the higher privileged orders on the part of the commonalty, rather than an infraction on the rights of the lower, as the nobility were not previously liable to serve. And this concession was followed by another act of the Diet, abolishing a second exemption not less iniquitous in its principle; the nobles, yielding to public feeling, subjected themselves to the burden of taxation. If Bernadotte should pursue his apparent intention of raising the power of the merchants and peasants,\* so as to form a counterpoise to the overbearing weight of the nobles, he will, as our traveller remarks, 'follow the wisest course which historical experience can point out for imitation.' His foreign policy has been equally marked by sagacity. Finland, the object of contention between Sweden and Russia for the last century, being lost, the occasion for mutual jealousy and enmity between the two nations ceased, and with that, the necessity of seeking protection from the alliance of France. The acquisition of Norway, which presented the only compensation for the loss of Finland, and which had long been the favourite object of Swedish ambition, became therefore the great point on which the mind of the Crown Prince was resolutely bent. An alliance with Russia secured its accomplishment, and he balanced but for an instant in accepting the proposals of the confederate powers. Norway, in a military point of view, is a possession of the highest consequence to Sweden, as increasing her powers of defence, besides adding very considerably to her internal resources, and her commercial advantages. The Crown Prince deserves, in fact, in our Author's estimation, 'every mark of gratitude that the nation can confer upon him for his exertions, his spirit, his activity, and his generosity.' The men who enjoy his confidence, are characterized by acknowledged talents, and the noblest moral qualities. Of his French followers, only four are retained in his suite. Baron Wetterstedt, the chancellor, 'a character of the greatest promise,' enjoys his perfect confidence, and accompanied him during the war, as his diplomatic agent. Mr. James speaks also in very high terms of Count Ergerstrom, the minister for foreign affairs, and Count Gyllenberg, the minister of justice.

Our Author, in his Preface, alludes rather sneeringly to the fashion of presenting us, in books of Travels, instead of

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\* 'The House of Peasants consists of a selection from a minor class of country gentlemen,' who are called, as proprietors, free peasants!

the simple and interesting stories of our ancient tourists, political theories, historical anecdotes, and essays on the genius and character of a people. With an inconsistency of which the reader will not, however, regret that he has been guilty, Mr. J. has freely indulged in discussions of this nature. After commenting on 'the infinite difficulty' of just discrimination of national character, he proceeds to draw the following not very flattering picture of the Swedes.

'The nation has its singularities; and if, as philosophers tell us, the chill of a northern climate tinges the minds and manners of the inhabitants with an unimpassioned spirit of reserve, it is certain that there exists something of a reciprocity between the moral and physical constitution of Sweden. Rigidly ceremonious, they make their stiff and measured courtesies the essentials rather than the forms of life, and seem, in a stranger's eye, a people cold in their nature as the very snows they dwell upon. Their characteristics, a passive courage not unmingled with indolence; a pride, not free from ignorance; a disposition, that is not ill-humoured from having no humour at all, from indifference—from apathy. But a Swede is never in extremes: even these traits are not deeply marked, and if we review the more favourable side of his character, we shall find in him an undaunted spirit of perseverance, and an honest love of freedom, to which the feelings of every one does homage, and I may truly affirm that no traveller passes from their shores but he quits them with regret, and ever afterwards takes the strongest interest in whatever tidings he may hear that concerns the welfare of the nation.'

'This last sentence partakes rather too much of the air of an unmeaning compliment designed to take off the edge of the former remark. Perseverance and a love of liberty, though inestimable qualities, form but a scanty catalogue of virtues. Mr. James, however, bears testimony elsewhere to their proverbial honesty, in which respect, as well as in many other particulars, he considers them as resembling the Highlanders of Scotland. The only additional moral quality, their indisputable claim to which obtains his acknowledgement, is, 'a high degree of that feeling of rude pride (I had almost said sulkiness,) which distinguishes the manners of the lower class of people under a free government.' 'Occasionally, however, higher traits of mind,' adds Mr. J. 'are displayed, and such as reflect the greatest credit on the national character,' of which an interesting instance is subjoined in the person of a free peasant of the province of Blekingen, whose probity and honour had procured his return to eight successive meetings of the Diet, in most of which he was chosen speaker to the House. King Adolphus Frederic, on passing through the district, paid him a visit, and 'condescended to partake of his cottage cheer.'

'During his abode at Stockholm, he was much caressed by the

Court; and the Queen, among others who sent him presents, gave him a very handsome robe of velvet. On the following day her Majesty happened to meet Hokanson in the streets, and seeing him in his usual dress, she asked him with an air of surprise, whether he had received her gift.—“ Yes,” said he, (opening his coat and exhibiting the velvet sown on the lining,) “ I hold it here next my heart; no shew of splendour or finery shall ever induce me to forego the title in which I glory of a free peasant of Sweden.”

Mr. James considers himself as warranted by historical facts, in imputing to the character of the Swedes, ‘ a cold-blooded obduracy, and a sanguinary turn of mind,’ as manifested in the development of public sentiment on great occasions, and more especially in the foul and frequent assassinations which stain their annals. Plots of this nature he represents as having been beforehand the matter of notoriety, carried on without any regard to secrecy, and put in execution without interruption, and often with absolute impunity. He instances the recent assassination of Count Fersen, and the conspiracy against the late King Gustavus Adolphus, in support of his assertion; and he states that there have been few Swedish kings that were not either killed or forcibly dethroned. The following narrative is exceedingly curious: it is taken from an account written by Charles XI. in his own hand, attested by several ministers of state, and preserved in the royal library.

‘ Charles the Eleventh, it seems, sitting in his chamber between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, was surprised at the appearance of a light in the window of the hall of the diet: he demanded of the grand chancellor, Bjelke, who was present, what it was that he saw, and was answered that it was only the reflection of the moon: with this, however, he was dissatisfied; and the senator, Bjelke, soon after entering the room, he addressed the same question to him, but received the same answer. Looking afterwards again through the window, he thought he observed a crowd of persons in the hall: upon this, said he, Sirs, all is not as it should be—in the confidence that he who fears God need dread nothing, I will go and see what this may be. Ordering the two noblemen before-mentioned, as also Oxenstiern and Brahe, to accompany him, he sent for Grunsten the door-keeper, and descended the staircase leading to the hall.

‘ Here the party seem to have been sensible of a certain degree of trepidation, and no one else daring to open the door, the king took the key, unlocked it, and entered first into the anti-chamber: to their infinite surprise, it was fitted up with black cloth: alarmed by this extraordinary circumstance, a second pause occurred; at length the king set his foot within the hall, but fell back in astonishment at what he saw; again, however, taking courage, he made his companions promise to follow him, and advanced. The hall was lighted up and arrayed with the same mournful hangings as the anti-chamber:

in the centre was a round table, where sat sixteen venerable men, each with large volumes lying open before them : above was the king, a young man of sixteen or eighteen years of age, with the crown on his head and sceptre in his hand. On his right hand sat a personage about forty years old, whose face bore the strongest marks of integrity ; on his left an old man of seventy, who seemed very urgent with the young king that he should make a certain sign with his head, which as often as he did, the venerable men struck their hands on their books with violence.

‘ Turning my eyes, says he, a little further, I beheld a scaffold and executioners, and men with their clothes tucked up, cutting off heads one after the other so fast, that the blood formed a deluge on the floor : those who suffered were all young men. Again I looked up and perceived the throne behind the great table almost overturned ; near to it stood a man of forty, that seemed the protector of the kingdom. I trembled at the sight of these things, and cried aloud—“ It is the voice of God!—What ought I to understand?—When shall all this come to pass?”—A dead silence prevailed ; but on my crying out a second time, the young king answered me, saying, This shall not happen in your time, but in the days of the sixth sovereign after you. He shall be of the same age as I appear now to have, and this personage sitting beside me gives you the air of him that shall be the regent and protector of the realm. During the last year of the regency, the country shall be sold by certain young men, but he shall then take up the cause, and, acting in conjunction with the young king, shall establish the throne on a sure footing ; and this in such a way, that never was before or ever afterwards shall be seen in Sweden so great a king. All the Swedes shall be happy under him ; the public debts shall be paid ; he shall leave many millions in the treasury, and shall not die but at a very advanced age : yet before he is firmly seated on his throne shall an effusion of blood take place unparalleled in history. You, added he, who are king of this nation, see that he is advertised of these matters : you have seen all ; act according to your wisdom.

‘ Having thus said, the whole vanished, and (adds he) we saw nothing but ourselves and our flambeaus, while the anti-chamber through which we passed on returning was no longer clothed in black.

—“ *Nous entrâmes dans mes appartemens, et je me mis aussitôt à écrire ce que j’avois vu : ainsi que les avertissements aussi bien que je le puis. Que le tout est vrai, je le jure sur ma vie & mon honneur, autant que le Dieu m’aide le corps & l’ame.*

“ *Charles XI. aujourd’hui Roi de Suède.*”

“ *L’an 1691, 17 Dec.*

“ *Comme temoins & presents sur les lieux nous avons vu tout ce que S. M. a rapporté, & nous l’affirmons par notre serment, autant que Dieu nous aide pour le corps & l’ame. H. L. Bjelke, Gr. Chancelier du Royaume,—Bjelke, Sénateur,—Brahe, Sénateur,—Ax. Oxenstierna, Sénateur,—Petre Grunsten, Huissier.*”

‘ The whole story is curious, and well worth attention ; but unless the young king’s ghostly representative made an error in his chrono-

logical calculation, it will be difficult to reconcile the time specified with that which is yet to come. I can offer no explanation, and beneath the whole, like the hieroglyphic in Moore's Almanack, to the better ingenuity of my readers.' pp. 160—163.

'The development of public sentiment on great occasions,' would nevertheless seem to present a very ambiguous criterion of the national character; and we must profess ourselves rather dissatisfied with the slight evidence on which Mr. James builds his opinion as to the 'sanguinary turn of mind' discoverable in the Swede. To say nothing of the vagueness of the expression, cruelty is, under different modifications, too characteristic of human nature under every climate. Mr. James terms it in the Swede, cold-blooded obduracy! What better name would he give to the subtle fiendish jealousy of the Italian, or to the dark passions of the Spaniard? Or what will he say to 'the sanguinary turn' of mind exhibited by the French in their cool-blooded massacres? It is perfectly ridiculous to adduce this as a national characteristic. The Swedes, Mr. J. tells us, are sluggish and phlegmatic, and contemplate scenes of assassination and cruelty with indifference. A foreigner who should witness the conduct of an English mob at an execution, and who should take his ideas of the national character from the sanguinary outrages recorded in our domestic history, might draw a similar inference respecting this nation, that they are obdurate and sanguinary. The English national character has been compared to that of their bull-dog in point of ferocity; that of the French has been described as partaking equally of the monkey and the tiger. The fact is, that the *organ of destructiveness*, as Dr. Spurzheim would say, is to be found pretty equally among all nations, in a state of development proportioned to their moral cultivation and to the enlightened character of their social institutions.

'As to religion,' continues Mr. James, 'the Roman Catholic and reformed churches may be called those of the south and north of Europe respectively, and the established church of Sweden is the Lutheran; but the spirit of piety is quiet and dormant; unfomented by the fostering warmth of jarring sectarists, it sinks to a state of tranquillity and almost indifference, rarely becoming the foundation of moral conduct or principle.'

A traveller demands too much of his readers, if he expects that a passing remark of this kind can be accepted as information; but the sentiment which Mr. James throws out, whether *en voyageur*, or *en philosophe*, may be just worth the attention of that class of persons in this country, to whom such a remedy for the indifference generated by an Establishment, appears fraught only with mischief. It is not, however, necessary to go

so far as Sweden, in order to find room for the remark, that the spirit of piety rarely becomes the foundation of human conduct. As to its particular application to Sweden, we suppose, that in common with other Lutheran countries, a lamentable degree of religious apathy has prevailed with regard to the dissemination of religious knowledge; but the example and influence of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and of the Religious Tract Society in London, have already communicated an impulse to the corresponding societies at Stockholm, which cannot fail of producing the most beneficial results throughout that kingdom.

A singular moral anomaly in the biographical history of Sweden, occurs in the fanciful tenets of Emanuel Swedenborg. Mr. James asserts, however, that he never obtained numerous disciples in his own country; that his scheme is looked upon there as having been a speculation of a pecuniary nature, at least on the part of his chief followers; and that before he fled to England, he had on one ground or another, quarrelled with all his friends.

We must now take leave of Sweden, and accompany Mr. James to scenes which seem to have taken much stronger hold upon his imagination. 'It is not possible,' he says, 'to give an account capable of portraying faithfully the surprise and astonishment' of the traveller on entering the city of Petersburg: the effect is stupendous. 'Whatever beauties may have been shadowed out by imaginary anticipation, every idea falls short of the excellence of the original, and every former relation one has heard seems to describe it in terms of admiration far too cold. It is a city of new built palaces.' Again, he speaks of it as 'the fairest city in the world,' and multiplying his epithets rather too fast, describes the scene as 'at once gay, lively, and sublime:' 'uniting in the same view all the elegant symmetries of Grecian and Roman art, with the gorgeous pride of the East.'

We pass over our Author's florid description of this magnificent capital, his very unnecessary references to the calumnious estimates of the Russian people given by former writers, and his somewhat pompous expatiation on the difficulty of referring the national character in its present state, 'to any scheme of analytical rule;' preferring to lay before our readers such information as we can collect, relative to the present moral and political aspect of the Russian Empire.

Mr. James is not disposed to think that the independence of Europe is in any danger from the preponderating strength of this enormous despotism.

'Oppressed as Russia is, by an autocratical government, with an all-powerful nobility, with an half-digested feudal system, with an incapacitating spirit of corruption in every branch of administration,

with foreigners in possession of every post of honour or profit; it is not too much to say that Russia has reached, in the present reign, the highest pinnacle of rank and power which her (present) circumstances can ever admit her to attain, and should an alteration in her system be contemplated, it is hardly possible, from such a melange of incongruities, to augur that any change should be lasting or productive in the end of consequences beneficial to herself. The imperial authority, now all-powerful, will hereafter find itself unable to check the influence of knowledge and sense of partial liberty that daily diffuse themselves more and more throughout the nation. It requires no great foresight to predict the divisions and factions that must ultimately arise from the irregular distribution of wealth and power over so enormous an extent of territory; and wheresoever accident shall cast the balance, it will be an easy task of ambition to throw off all dependance on the semi-Russian capital: the storm is now preparing, and every fresh act of aggrandisement brings nearer the hour of dissolution.\*—The dissolution of so mighty a mass is not, however, to be viewed with unconcern, but its fall may involve many others also in destruction, and encumber all Europe with the ruins.

Mr. James here again lays himself open to the charge of having performed the part of an auto-critic, in satirizing, in his Preface, the ambitious style of political theorizing adopted by modern travellers; his remarks will, however, serve to occupy the speculations of our readers, and to allay, perhaps, some of those apprehensions which may have been awakened by the portents of periodical journalists, with respect to this new source of danger to Europe. The physical resources of a country do not assuredly consist in extent of territory, or in its mass of population: these do not render a nation formidable. It is not by mere force of numbers that Europe is in any danger of again becoming the conquest of barbarians, and of having her social institutions swept away to make room for the autocracy of despotism. Yet, in no other point of view, we conceive, can the armies of Russia be regarded with alarm. What constitute an army, and fit it for achievements of conquest, are discipline, compactness, a common mind, a simultaneous energy pervading, like a pulse, the whole of the moral machine, and giving regularity and certainty to its operations. But such an army cannot be called into existence at the will of a despot. Circumstances adequate to produce a change on the national character, some glorious necessity, some patriot cause, or some national idol, working upon the imagination and the passions, could alone form the shapeless materials of a half-civilized population into such a mighty engine. And when the spell had succeeded, and the demon was raised, the imperial magician might become the victim of his own sorcery. Such an army would inevitably become, in its turn, the monarch of the state. In Russia, however, we behold not a military, but a civil despotism, one of a

strictly oriental character, administered by the police, and resting its security on the degradation and literal enslavement of the people. The Emperor is the sole depositary of the national will; 'his word is law.' According to what he is, the sovereign for the time being, 'voluptuous, impotent, ambitious, mad,' the country he governs rises and falls in the scale of nations,—is contemned for its brute bulk, or regarded with politic apprehension, on account of its colossal nature. But still it is an empire, not a nation, with which, whether in the field or in the cabinet, its rivals or its enemies have to contend; and the internal state of Russia, therefore, prevents her from becoming formidable, owing to the moral disability she lies under of bringing into action all her mighty means. Before she could be capable of bringing about extensive changes in other nations, she must inevitably become the subject of intestine revolutions, or of a considerable political transformation. Some such internal changes seem inevitable. Under the mild government of the present enlightened and benevolent autocrat, the seeds of knowledge and of liberty are being silently disseminated, which possibly it may require blood and tears to mature, but they will at length pierce the soil. It will probably be reserved for some infuriated despot to consummate the work of melioration, by rousing them into freemen.

The present state of the population of this vast empire, is, even according to Mr. James's statement, which does not fall essentially short of what he has thought proper to stigmatize as the exaggerated and hasty generalizations of preceding travellers, degraded in the extreme. There exist but two distinct orders, the nobles and the slaves; the interval between these classes being, for the most part, filled up by foreign residents, or by the small number of liberated slaves, to whom manumission is incapable of becoming of any advantage, since no rights, no protection, no place in society, are allotted to them. The slave is represented as suffering in his moral nature all the deteriorating effects of his condition, as stubborn, artful, brutish.

'The sulky obstinacy with which he withholds from his superior whatever it is in his power to secrete, is almost the only case wherein he is able to gratify his mind by the exhibition of his natural rights, and his determined spirit of concealment is carried to a length inconceivable to those who have never experienced their obstinacy. In England, pay a man, he will do whatever you require: in Germany, it is necessary to add, that he must; and in Russia to give a blow.'

Mr. James adds, however, some softening epithets to this statement; he allows them the merit of an untamable passive courage, and a species of cunning truly surprising; a characteristic cheerfulness and good humour in their conduct to one another, and 'at least a feeling of superstition for their God,'

who is, and probably the idea may sometimes present itself to their minds, the God of their masters also.

‘The arbitrary dominion of their masters, their power of taxing the industry of the peasants, is productive of as much debauchery and fatal extravagance in the higher orders, by the temptations it holds out, as of wretchedness and poverty in the lower, by the calamities it creates. This iniquitous system does not fail to operate in a mode highly prejudicial to the accumulation of national wealth.’—‘The slaves have no existence in the eye of the law; their property (even their wives) belong to their lords; they cannot marry, or leave their village, without his consent; they are imprisoned, and suffer corporal punishment by his order; and it is only lately that a law has been promulgated for the purpose of bringing the master to justice, in case the slave should die within twenty-four hours after receiving chastisement.’

‘The generosity of the present Emperor, who has been brought up by his preceptor in the principles of Swiss independence, would gladly set free the class of peasantry in general: and even forget, in the zeal of his wishes, that tedious accompaniment of necessary conditions which alone can make any great innovation really beneficial to his country. A plan was suggested, no long time since, for the manumission of a certain number of villagers, granting them each a portion of land, on condition of their being bound to pay the fee-simple within the space of ten years; but their moral state is such as not to admit of the application of the principle laid down in this project. It was wisely alleged in objection, that the habitual indolence of the Russian peasant militated strongly against the adoption of such a scheme: he has not been accustomed to exert himself uncompelled, and no doubt the greater part of the body placed in these circumstances would revert to their former state of indigence and slavery, from inability to fulfil their compact.

‘Two ukases have been promulgated in the reign of the present Emperor, to limit the costs and charges for the necessary agreement between the master and the slave, and its conditions are ordered to be communicated to his Majesty; but encouragement alone is insufficient to promote the great work of emancipation, and it is thought that some farther steps are in contemplation by the government. Whatever measure shall be proposed, it will necessarily meet with much opposition from the nobility, who are, for the most part, attached to the *good old* course of things, and wish to see affairs in no other than their present state.’

Much has been done, and more is still doing under the constant vigilant attention of the Emperor to the moral improvement of his dominions, to remove, by the establishment of schools, the great obstacle to their emancipation, their general ignorance. Let them learn the use of their minds, and taste of intellectual freedom, and then, political liberty must, sooner or later, be within their reach.

An evil nearly as injurious as the feudal tyranny to the public weal and to the national character, remains to be mentioned.

The systematic bribery and corruption which pervade every department of the administration, are almost incredible, and unparalleled in any European country. The police is described as having infinite sources of gain: 'They sell the liberty of the press, defraud the stranger, plunder robbers of their stolen goods, and receive fees alike of the accuser and the accused.' A system of fee, and compromise, and bribery, is, in fact, the principle and common basis of every branch of the government, not excluding the courts of justice, and all the departments of law.

'An American merchant sought redress by law for some unfair dealings on the part of a Russian trader; the lawyer whom he retained, came to him on the second day after his application—"I have," said he, "opened the prosecution, and will fairly relate the present state of your case: the judge says your cause seems fair and equitable, and you offer 5,000 R. to the court; he would, he admits, wish to incline to your side, but, on the other hand, the defendant offers 10,000. What can he do?" The American laid down immediately 10,000 R. it was taken to the *Tribunal of Justice*, and he triumphed over his opponent.

'Another gentleman instituted a suit for the recovery of a debt, but offering no bribe, the case was of course held to be perfectly clear, and he was nonsuited; the defendant, in the plenitude of victory, then commenced a process against him for defamation, and damages were found to the amount of 300,000 R. with a farther punishment of a sentence to clean the sewers, because, forsooth, it was a Russian magistrate whose fair name had been thus brought into question by the object of the action. Upon this the gentleman appealed to a superior court, but with ill success; they confirmed the verdict, and still farther added to its iniquity by sentencing him to undergo flagellation. The matter now grew serious, and he made application through an high quarter to one of the presidents of the senate; the cause was heard again, but the result was of another nature: the sentences of the former tribunals were instantly reversed, the debt recovered, and the officers that had sat in judgment on him came in a body submissively to beg his forgiveness, and entreat him to pursue the enquiry into their conduct no farther.

'These acts of injustice were not, however, committed merely because the appellants were foreigners: for the ordinary conduct of the courts towards the native Russians is of a stamp precisely similar. A few years since a relation of Prince ——— came from Moscow to claim his patrimonial inheritance, that was withheld from him by his guardian. Arrived at Petersburg, he met by accident with one of the highest officers of the law on a visit at the house of a relation, and after some conversation on indifferent matters, ventured to open his case to him; he received for answer, that his suit might probably occupy eight or ten years consideration, but, added he, follow my advice, sacrifice a part of your property to save the rest, and you shall be put in possession in the course of as many days. He then wrote down a list of fees to be paid to the several members of the

court (himself included) and gave it to the young nobleman, who, on his part, obeying this friendly monitor, came on the following day as plaintiff to the senate with his petition, and presented each of these functionaries with the sum specified, wrapped up in the body of his papers. The event exceeded his expectation; in four days' time an award was given in his favour.' pp. 257—259.

Two other topics must be noticed before we take our departure from Petersburg; they are the Russian ladies, and the Emperor. Of the former our traveller speaks in terms not of mere courtesy, but of admiration. 'The attention paid to their education is,' (he says) 'proportioned to the neglect with which the other sex is treated.' At the two principal seminaries at Petersburg, the *Convent des Desmoiselles nobles*, and the Institute of Catherine, (both flourishing under the patronage and constant inspection of the Empress Dowager,) a public examination is held every three years, at which all the grand officers of the court are invited to attend, and the Empress's cipher in diamonds is the reward of proficiency. The period of education is about nine years, during which they receive instruction in the French, German, and Russian languages, in the Russian history, in natural philosophy, in music, singing, dancing, embroidery, writing, arithmetic, and geometry. Moreover, the system they go through, is said to place them above the wish of making any ostentatious display of their attainments; and their claim to every other qualification that may adorn the character of women, is summed up in 'the elegant manners and unaffected graces' by which the Russian ladies never fail to impress every stranger who visits Petersburg, with admiration.

Of the personal character of the reigning Emperor, our Author speaks in rather ambiguous terms;—he is indeed a little too fond of the oracular. 'Whatever blame some may attach to his caprice, his artfulness, his inflexibility, his vanity, or his gallantry, he nevertheless has great merit. Considering the disadvantages of his early life, he must be regarded as one who has, as far as possible, overcome by natural goodness of temper, those evil habits which circumstances seemed to form for him. His affability and condescension are carried to such a degree as would be wholly incompatible with his situation, if the government were of any other form than an absolute monarchy.' With this scanty and superficial information, which throws no new light whatever on the Emperor's character, Mr. James's readers must rest satisfied. 'Of the Empress it is sufficient to say, she is adored by all classes.'

Our traveller dwells with considerable complacency on the pomp and magnificence of the Greek churches, which, he says, 'would ill assort with any structure, other than the temple of religion.' Of course Mr. James must regret that Protestant

countries are so much behind these semi-barbarians, in respect to the *appropriate* decorations of a Christian temple.

'The columns of the aisles are of purple granite highly polished; their capitals of brass and gold; rich paintings line the walls, and a dim mysterious gloom pervades the whole fabric.—On a sudden the doors of the sanctuary were thrown open, and the bearded bishop appeared, clad in raiment of purple and gold: the clouds of incense floated in the air, and the manly sonorous voices of psalms echoed through the dome. It was a striking and impressive sight; but far beyond all this shew of parade, one's feelings were moved by the earnestness and enthusiasm that reigned over the face of the people: at one time the whole crowd were prostrated on the floor; at another they were seen scattered in different parts of the church, some paying their devotions to the picture of the Virgin, others carrying the lighted taper to fix it before the shrine of their patron saint, others kissing the hands, face, and feet of the holy paintings, others bowing their heads to the pavement, with an aspect of humility that seemed to shun the light of heaven. All alike equally careless of one another, wholly wrapt up in their several acts of piety and adoration.'

The reader will doubtless anticipate from this extract, that our traveller proceeds to point out the beneficial influence of superstition, as tending to excite so much more devout earnestness in religious worship, than is exhibited in the thinly peopled churches of the reformed faith. On the contrary, he goes on to inform us, in regard to the effect of '*the Russian religion*' upon the mass of the people, that though it 'impresses them with a solemn awe of the Supreme Being, and in other respects is not without its use with regard to doctrines of obedience and self-denial, it has yet *very little influence on their moral conduct*.' It may be questioned whether it is in its nature well calculated for this end: the chief character of the church consists in observance of punctilio.' Now, we apprehend that the nature of the Russian religion, that religion being no other than Christianity, though disguised beneath a mass of pompous corruptions, cannot with any propriety be denied to be well calculated to influence the moral conduct of the people. That it has so little influence, is referrible to other causes than the nature of the religion, which must consist in its doctrines. So far as that religion has an existence in the minds of the people, its effects must correspond to its Divine nature, nor can we persuade ourselves, that sunk as the people are in ignorance, religion has no existence in the Greek church. It is evident that this is a subject on which our traveller had not attained 'the just habit of conducting inquiry;' otherwise, in the spectacle which he describes as so striking and magnificent, he could not have failed to perceive the symptoms of the true cause of the morally degraded state of the mass of the people, and of the prevailing irreligion; and instead of coolly giving to that exhibition of

pagan rites the name of the Russian religion, and arguing that the superstition was not without its use, *though* it had no influence on the moral conduct, he would have escaped from the mysterious gloom so emblematic of the pervading moral darkness, as from the foul cavern of a Hindoo idol, with feelings of horror, if not of pity. This became him as a man; in a Christian the scene must have called forth all the energies of prayer.

The account which our traveller gives of the incompetence and vicious lives of the priests, is such as might be expected. The way in which the nation was transformed from pagans into Christians, in the tenth century, may be thought to account for the imperfect nature of the change.

'All idolaters were declared enemies of Jesus Christ and the grand duke. On a stated morning, the inhabitants of the capital were commanded to assemble on the river side, and, without further preparation, submit to baptism. Not a murmur occurred: "If it were not good for us," they cried, "our prince and the boiars would not have decreed it so." It was in vain that the angry god Peroun was said to have started in the dead of the night from the waves of the Volkoff, and to have thrown his club against the bridge at Novogorod, accompanied with heavy denunciations of vengeance against the apostates. He, the mighty Jupiter of the slaves, so lately the object of their prayers, was now almost every where neglected. The grand duke had spoken, and his voice must be obeyed.'

From Petersburg our Author proceeded to Moscow and Smolensko, passing through Waldai, where Peter I. carried into execution his grand scheme of a canal for opening a communication between the north and south of his empire. The means which he devised for overcoming the apparent impracticability of rendering it navigable, on account of the fall of ground towards the Msta, was a truly unique and original conception.

'An immense reservoir was constructed, which, by collecting the water from the small lakes in the neighbourhood, supplies a stream sufficient to carry the boats down these steeps: this necessarily flows off rapidly, and therefore is husbanded with care; vessels being only permitted to pass once in eight or ten days, in caravans of 15 or 20 at a time.

'The nature of this voyage is curious enough: when they are all assembled, which is done by beat of drum, the sluices are opened, and they follow one another with the flush of water down the precipitous passage called the Borovitsky falls. Sundry provisions are made for their safety. In the most difficult windings of the river are moored large buoys which throw round the head of the boat when it strikes against them, if their sweeps have failed of their purpose; and in case any accident should occur, the Cossacks who are stationed at certain intervals instantly give notice above, when the sluices are closed and the supply of the current cut off. This dangerous course continues for near 33 versts: and with a view to

their security, each boat is built slight and supple, and the freight set apart by an open space of one or two feet in the middle, so as to give room for the play of the timbers of her frame, which is sometimes so much shaken that the two sides of the cargo are brought to meet. To remount the cataracts is impossible; the vessels, therefore, are all burnt for firewood at Petersburg.' pp. 350, 351.

Mr. James gives us ample details of the atrocities of the French army at Moscow, which he found an immense scene of ruin and desolation, the few habitations which were as yet rebuilt, shewing but 'as spots in the wide waste.' He notices the impossibility that the subscriptions raised in England for the relief of the Russians, should in the nature of things, have effected much towards its object.

'The class of persons,' he remarks, 'to whom we would in such cases give assistance in England, under the denomination of 'poor sufferers,' have in this country no existence; they are all slaves and can possess nothing legally of their own; 'the money sent out therefore was to be distributed in grants to such of the seigneurs as chose to avail themselves of the offer.'

In this way, Mr. James thinks, it might indirectly answer its purpose, by relieving the peasants from the immediate call of money to which they would otherwise have been subject. This is the most satisfactory light, it seems, in which the result of the well-meant benevolence of the British public can be placed. He states, that it was some time before the Russian government could be prevailed on to accept this generous mark of consideration! Surely, there were persons in this country, who might by timely representations, have prevented so fruitless and thankless a sacrifice on the part of a nation overburdened with its domestic claims.

On entering the government of Novogorod Sieverskoi, at Mglin, our travellers first observed the houses of the Jewish settlers. In this part of Europe the Jews sustain a higher character than among us, considering themselves as a race far superior to the native rustics, and domineering over them in 'the most 'authoritative style!' They are there in the full enjoyment of personal liberty. On crossing the frontiers of Poland, every house seemed to be in the hands of the Jews, their constant activity giving them the appearance of being more numerous in proportion to the population, than they really are. They are found exercising almost all professions, and engaged in every branch of trade. Mr. James describes the Polish Jews as a beautiful race of people. They seem, he says, 'by no means 'to have degenerated by limiting themselves to intermarriage 'with their own breed,' but a character of countenance invariably the same, yet not in any way resembling that of the English Jews, is produced by this circumstance.

'The women,' he says, 'were remarkably handsome, their persons large and full made, their faces very regularly formed, with black eyes and hair, set off with delicate complexions of white and red. The men tall and straight, but rather of a spare habit, their features small, and very much fashioned like that meek and placid countenance which the Italian painters have invariably given to the picture of our Saviour. The peculiar style of visage, however, was gradually lost as we approached the confines of Germany, nor did it any where seem so prevalent as in this province.' (Volhynia.)

At Cracow, there is a quarter termed the Casimir town, wholly inhabited by Jews, having been originally built for them by Casimir the Great, who, 'instigated by his beautiful Jewish concubine, Esther, granted them so many immunities and 'privileges, as attracted settlers from all parts of Germany to 'his dominions.' By their present governors, however, they are viewed in no other light than as profitable subjects of taxation. They are represented as appearing to a stranger, to be an industrious, persevering, thriving people: some of them having attained considerable opulence, live in a state of luxury.

We have not room to advert to the present state of Poland. Mr. James, formed the opinion, that the creation of the Dutchy of Warsaw, under the vice-royalty of Russia, would not be ill received on the part of the people, since it would hold out the semblance of independence.

We have noticed an occasional incorrectness in the composition of this volume, which must be attributed to inadvertency. Our Author would have done well, moreover, to have been a little more simple and explicit in his statements, and to have kept closer to the main business of his Journal, which would have reduced his volume to a more convenient size. We have derived, however, so much entertainment from his pages, that we shall not enter upon the invidious task of criticism. Some of the plates which adorn the work are excellent.

## ART. XII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

*\*\* Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending Information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the Public, if consistent with its Plan.*

The Rev. G. Redford, A.M. and T. H. Riches, Esq. have for some time past been engaged in preparing a History of the Ancient Town and Borough of Uxbridge. The work will be comprised in one volume, 8vo. with plates: the price to subscribers not to exceed 15s. It will contain copies of several very ancient documents, and full details of all charitable funds and donations left for the benefit of the town. Gentlemen who may be in possession of papers or documents relating to the Town or its History, will greatly oblige the Authors by allowing them access to such papers, on any condition it may be thought fit to prescribe.

On the 1st of Jan. next, will be published in one volume, royal 8vo. embellished with vignette engravings, an Historical Account of the City and Environs of Winchester, with descriptive walks. By Charles Ball.

The Committee of the Society for the Promotion of permanent and universal Peace, established June 1816, have just published their first annual Report, to which are annexed the Rules of the Society. The Committee have published four Tracts within the past year, of which, with very limited resources, they have been enabled to print 32,000 copies, viz. No. 1, a Solemn Review of the Custom of War. No. 2, War inconsistent with the Doctrine and Example of Jesus Christ. By John Scott, Esq. No. 3, an Essay on the Doctrines and Practice of the early Christians as relates to War. By Thomas Clarkson, Esq. No. 4, Extracts from Erasmus. Subscriptions are received by the Members of the Committee, or by the Treasurer, John Clarkson, Esq. No. 16, Earl Street, Blackfriars.

In the Press, "The City of Refuge," a Poem, in four Books. By Thomas Quin.

Proposals are issued for printing by Subscription, in one volume, 8vo. Select Works of Plotinus, accompanied by Ex-

tracts from the Treatise of Synesius on Providence; translated from the Greek, By Thomas Taylor. 250 only to be printed: price to Subscribers, 15s.

A new edition of the Rev. James Small's Sermons to young people, with additions, printed uniform with James's Sunday School Teacher's Guide, will be ready in a few days. Also, a sixth edition of his Sermon addressed to the Children of a Sunday School.

Dr. Robertson, who has resided some years in the Ionian islands, is printing a concise Grammar of the Romaic or Modern Greek Language, with phrases and dialogues on familiar subjects.

The Rev. T. Kidd, of Cambridge, is preparing an edition of the complete Works of Demosthenes, Greek and Latin, from the text of Reiske, with collations and various readings.

In the Press, in two vols. 4to. illustrated by numerous Views of the principal Buildings, ancient and modern, maps of the City, &c. and dedicated, by permission, to his Excellency, Lord Whitworth, The History of the City of Dublin, Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Military, from the earliest Accounts to the present period; its charters, grants, privileges, extent, population, public buildings, societies, charities, &c. &c. extracted from the National Records, approved Historians, many curious and valuable Manuscripts, and other authentic materials. By the late John Warburton, Esq. deputy keeper of the Records in Birmingham Tower, the late Rev. James Whitlaw, and the Rev. R. Walsh, M.R.I.A.

In the press, a Journal of the Proceedings of the Embassy to China. By Henry Ellis, Esq. Third Commissioner of the Embassy. In 4to. with plates, maps, &c.

Also, The official Journal of the late Captain Tuckey, on a Voyage of Discovery in the Interior of Africa, 4to.

Soon will be published, in 4to. illustrated by maps and other engravings, under the sanction of the Hon. East In-

dia Company, and dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Lord Amherst, Personal Observations, made during the progress of the British Embassy through China, and on its Voyage to and from that Country, in the Years 1816 and 1817. By Clarke Abel, Physician and Naturalist to the Embassy. This work will comprise the Author's Personal Narrative of the most interesting Events which befel the British Embassy, from the time of its leaving England to its return; together with his remarks on the Geology, Natural History, and Manners of the countries visited by it.

Mr. Wm. Wright, of Bristol, has a work on the Human Ear nearly ready for publication; in which the structure and functions of that organ will be anatomically and physically explained.

Mr. H. Davy, of Beccles, will soon publish ten Etchings of the Churches of Beccles and Bungay, and of Bungay and Mettingham Castles, with descriptive letter-press.

Professor Jameson is printing, in two octavo volumes, a Treatise on Geognosy and Mineral Geography, illustrated by numerous plates.

Dr. Turton is printing, in a portable form, a Conchological Dictionary of the British Islands.

Mr. Richard Hand proposes to publish, a Practical Treatise on the Art of Painting on Glass, compiled from the manuscripts of his late Father, Richard Hand, historical glass-painter to his Majesty.

Mr. Cole, of Colchester, has in the Press, an Introduction to Algebra, in a series of dialogues, designed for the use of those who have not the advantage of a tutor.

Mr. Taylor, the translator of Aristotle, is printing an edition of the Ethics, in two octavo volumes.

Mr. C. Feist, Author of Poetical Effusions, will soon publish, the Wreath of Solitude, and other Poems, in a fcap. octavo volume.

Mr. Leckie's Historical Research into the nature of the balance of power in Europe, will appear in a few days.

The Rev. D. Williams will soon publish, in a duodecimo volume, the Preceptor's Assistant, or School Examiner in Universal History, Science, and Literature.

A third volume of Sermons, by the late Rev. John Venn, is in the press.

The Dramatic Works of the late Mr. Sheridan, with a correct Life of the Author, derived from authentic materials, are preparing for publication.

### Art. XIII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

#### AGRICULTURE.

A Review (and complete Abstract) of the Reports to the Board of Agriculture, from the several Departments of England. By Mr. Marshall, 5 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s. boards.

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